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IRISH CHURCH MUSIC.

II.

FROM THE SIXTH TO THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

IT is a truism that Ireland was the lamp of learning for all Europe from the sixth to the close of the eighth century. The enumeration of the schools that flourished in pre-Danish times, attracting scholars from all parts of the known world, would be sufficient to prove the widespread cultivation of learning in the monastic houses, as well as in the numerous lay schools that studded the country. Who has not heard of Lismore, Bangor, Ross, Clonmacnoise, Glasnevin, Clonard, Emly, Begerin, Kildare, Kells, Armagh, Cork, Louth, Roscrea, Birr, Mungret, Innisfallen, Derry, Durrow, Clonfert, Moville, Ulphin, Aran, Clomnagh, Glendalough, Iniscaltoa, Mayo, Tuam, and Slene?

In my first paper I pointed out the state of music in Ireland in Patrician days, and it goes without saying that music entered into the curriculum of studies at all the above-named schools. We are on solid historical ground when treating of the sixth century; but instead of crowding this paper with examples illustrating the cultivation of music, it may be better first to take a typical saint's life—that of St. Columba—which will serve to exhibit the high degree of musical education in Ireland at that period.

Born at Gartan, County Donegal, in 521, the future Apostle of Hy was educated at Moville, where he was given the affix of *cille*, Colum-cille, that is, Colum of the Church, from his love of God's temple. Having learned psalmody from St. Finnian, St. Columba perfected his music studies under the bard Gemman, styled *Carminator*, a famous song writer. The future saint con-

tinued his theological training at Clonard and Glasnevin, and founded Derry, his first and most loved community, in 546, subsequently establishing monasteries at Durrow (King's County) and Kells (County Meath).

All his biographers agree that St. Columba had a great gift of music, and it is said that his voice could be heard at a distance of almost a mile. Of his hymns—Latin and Irish—six are considered genuine, but the two best known are *Altus prosator* and *Noli Pater*. The former hymn is composed of twenty-two stanzas, and is contained in the *Liber Hymnorum*, dating from the first half of the eleventh century. It was printed by the Irish hagiologist, Colgan, and, in 1882, by the late Marquis of Bute. Of its authenticity there is scarcely a doubt, and Lord Bute expressed the opinion that a few of the verses "would not suffer by comparison with the *Dies Irae*."

An added interest is given to a supplementary hymn attributed to St. Columba (composed in honor of the Holy Trinity), inasmuch as the legend regarding it has reference to Pope St. Gregory. We read that when the *Altus* was recited to this great musical Pope, he saw a small army of angels listening attentively to its rhythmic swing, but yet St. Gregory expressed the view that our Irish poet-apostle should embody some stronger phrases in praise of the Triune God.

Accordingly, St. Columcille added fifteen rhyming couplets to gratify the wish of the mighty Pontiff whose name is imperishably associated with the chant of the Western Church.

The second Latin hymn composed by St. Columcille is *Noli Pater*, consisting of seven rhyming couplets. All through the Middle Ages the singing of this hymn was considered to be a sure protection (*lorica*) from lightning and tempests.

An interesting side-light is thrown upon St. Columcille's musical proclivities, about the year 560, by a passage in St. Eunan's (Adamnan's) classical life of his old master—a biographical work, as Pinkerton writes, "the most complete that all Europe can boast of, not only at so early a period but even through the whole Middle Ages." On one occasion, as St. Columcille was seated with some disciples on the banks of Loch Ce, near Boyle, County Roscommon, a bard came up to him and

entered into conversation with the little band of monks. When the poet-minstrel had departed, the disciples of St. Columcille asked: "Why did you not get the bard Cronan to sing a song for us to the accompaniment of his harp, as poets are wont to do?"

From other passages in the life of St. Columba we can gather that the Irish ecclesiastics—even abbots and bishops—sang psalms and hymns to the accompaniment of the harp or cruit. An anecdote is told in the Book of Lecan, as quoted by O'Curry, bearing out this statement: "On a certain autumn day when King Felim Mac-Criffan [of Munster] was in Cashel, there came to him the abbot of a church, who took his little eight-stringed harp (*Ocht-tedach*) from his girdle, and played sweet music, and sang a poem to it."

Whilst St. Columcille was still in Ireland, namely in 541, there is allusion to the Irish harp by Amergin mac Amalgaid[1]; and, at one *Feis* there were over a thousand bards present, each *ollamh* (head-bard) having thirty poets in his train. The last *Feis* held at Tara was in 560, under the presidency of Dermot mac Fergus—and ever afterwards the harp was silent in Tara's halls.

St. Columba's self-imposed penance of quitting Ireland forever was due to two events which are commonplaces of ecclesiastical history. Curiously enough the first of these events was the surreptitious copying of a beautiful Psalter which St. Finnian of Moville *had brought back from Rome*, one of the first (if not the earliest) copies of the Vulgate seen in Ireland. On St. Finnian claiming the copy made by St. Columcille, our saint refused to give it up, and the decision of the question was referred to King Dermot mac Fergus. The Ard-Righ's verdict, based on the parallel case in the Brehon law of "to every cow belongs its calf" (*le gaeh boin a boinen*), was in favor of St. Finnian, as is recorded in the Black Book of St. Molagga, quoted by Keating. Some authors assert that this unjust decision so angered St. Columba that he called on the Northern chieftains to give battle to King Dermot. However, this is not so. It was another event that precipitated the crisis, namely, the violation of the rights of sanctuary by the Irish monarch. This proceeding—all the more

[1] Macaulay or Mac Awley.

regrettable as the culprit had sought refuge with St. Columcille—so incensed our saint that it resulted in the Battle of Cooldrevna. It is not unlikely that the copy of the Psalter made by St. Columcille, as Dr. Hyde writes, "may have been the very book for which three thousand warriors fought and fell in the Battle of Cooldrevna."

In 575 was held the famous Synod of Druimceta, on the river Roe, near Limarady, which was attended by St. Columcille. The apostle of Hy came over to plead the cause of the bards, and so successful was he that the chief minstrels, who previously led a monastic life, were assigned apartments in the mansion houses of the princes and chiefs, with lands for their maintenance. At this Convention, according to Dallam Forgaill (the poet laureate of that period), were "twenty bishops, two score priests, fifty deacons, and thirty students," and he adds that the bishops and priests were "of excellence and worth," and were "*famed for singing psalms*—a commendable practice."

St. Columcille died on June 9, 596, leaving behind him a fame that will endure for all time. At his death church music was in a much better condition than would be expected (owing to wars and internecine feuds), and the science of music was being developed by means of the *neumatic* copies of the Psalter.

Let me repeat that in the sixth century, as in the fourth, church music was taught orally, and the singers had to get the melodies off by heart, or, to quote from Guido Aretenus, "to remember the melodies *in theca cordis*." This method of instruction was also adopted in the teaching of the Paschal cycles, as we know from an entry in the Wurzburg Irish copy of St. Matthew, dating from the close of the eighth century. In this old Irish manuscript, as stated by Dr. Georg Scheppe, there is a note to the effect that St. Sillan, scribe, and Abbot of Bangor, "was the first of the Irish who learned the Computus *by rote* from a certain Greek"; and his pupil, St. Mochuaroc, "*committed this knowledge to writing*." St. Sillan died February 28, 610, and St. Mochuaroc, or Cuaran, is commemorated on February 9th.

But although the oral method was that adopted in the Irish schools of the sixth century for the teaching of plain chant, the *neums* were being gradually introduced. These *neums* were the

natural outcome of the accents—acute, grave, circumflex, and anti-circumflex—denoting modulations of the voice. Thus the acute accent (*virga*), as applied to the plain chant melodies, refers to an *elevation* of the voice, whilst the grave (*punctum*) represents a deflection of the voice. This system is called Chironomic Notation, from the Greek words χειρ and νομος, or hand rule—the symbols being borrowed from the gestures of the singer. The old Irish names for *acute*, *grave*, and *circumflex* are *Ardceoil*, *Basceoil*, and *Circeoil*. Of course, these *neums* were entirely indefinite, or undetermined as to pitch, and had no value as expressing time or force. Thus a *Podatus* or *Clivis* might mean any one of thirteen intervals, and yet it presented no difficulty to the choristers of the seventh century; for, as before stated, the plain chant melodies were learned by heart, and the *neums* acted as *memoriae technici*, or mnemonic guides. Hence, the interval was accurately sung according to the context.

It can be well understood that the monastic teachers of pre-Gregorian psalmody adopted the oratorical accents for their simple chants. When once the idea was grasped of an acute accent giving a picture of a rising sound, and a grave accent that of a lowering sound, a *neumatic* notation was soon evolved. There is yet preserved in the Laurentian Library at Florence the earliest codex of the works of Virgil, dating from the fourth century. This rare manuscript is furnished with *neums*, for the convenience of the reader or speaker, but experts are agreed that the insertion of these oratorical signs are of a later date than the codex itself.

Here I cannot do better than give the Table of the principal *neums*, as used in the seventh century.

TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL NEUMS.

1.—Punctum.		7.—Torculus.	
2.—Virga.		8.—Porrectus.	
3.—Pes or Podatus.		9.—Porrectus Flexus.	
4.—Clivis.		10.—Scandicus Flexus.	
5.—Scandicus.		11.—Torculus Resupinus.	
6.—Climacus.		12.—Climacus Resupinus.	

13.—Pes Subbipunctis.

To the credit of the Irish monks of the seventh and eighth centuries must be given the early use of *organum* or discant.

Not only had these Irish ecclesiastics exquisite folk melodies which were occasionally worked into the plain chant, and so became incorporated with the Gregorian melodies, but they employed discant or *organum*, which developed into counterpoint. More remarkable still, John Scotus Erigena, the world-famed Irish philosopher, who died about 875, is the first authority to allude to discant which is mentioned in his tract *De Divisione Naturae*. From the following passage, written about the year 860, it is perfectly clear that the free Organum of the Fourth, or of the *Diatesseron*, was known to the Irish of the eighth century, at least 150 years before the appearance of the *Scholia Euchiriadis* and the *Musica Euchiriadis:* "Organicum melos ex diversis qualitatibus et quantitatibus conjicitur dum viritim separatimque sentiuntur voces longe a se discrepantibus intensionis et remissionis proportionibus segregatae, dum vero sibi invicem coaptantur *secundum certas rationabilesque artis musicae regulas per singulos tropos naturalem quandam dulcedinem reddentibus.*"

Many writers have doubted whether our Irish philosopher's description, as above quoted, can really denote such a wonderful advance in musical science at that period—the close of the eighth century—but the very latest and most critical authority, Professor Wooldridge, in the *Oxford History of Music* (1902), says that, "Erigena's description of the alternate separation and coming together of the voices quite admits of application to this method."

From the glosses of the eighth century it is absolutely certain that the Irish of that period were acquainted with harmony and counterpoint. Wimdisch, Stokes, O'Curry and Jabainville give passages proving this point to demonstration. No fewer than seven Irish words are quoted, all signifying *concerted* music. These are *Cómseinm*, *Cóicetul*, *Aidbse*, *Cepóc*, *Claiss*, *Clais-cetul* and *Foacanad*.

Cómseinm (cóm-seinm—playing together) is met with in the *Amra* of St. Columcille, and is applied to an instrumental combination of harps. Dallam Forgaill, in this elegy, written in the ancient Fenian dialect, refers to a small harp (*cruit*) that is played in concert with a large harp, or by way of accompaniment to a large *cruit*.

Cóicetul, or singing together, that is *part-singing*, is explained in Cormac's Glossary (*cir.* 895), as the harmonious blending of voices.

Aidbse is the name given by Dallam Forgaill to the *chorus* sung in honor of St. Columcille at the Convention of Druimceta, after he had secured concessions for the poets. It is stated in the *Amra* that "the poets made a mighty music in part-singing to honor Columcille, and *Aidbse* is the name of that music." From another passage in the same ancient Irish author we learn that the singers were wont to make this class of music (*aidbse*) "*all singing together.*"[2]

Cepóc was a somewhat similar term to *aidbse*, but generally restricted to a funeral chant or dirge sung in chorus.

Claiss, a loan word from the Latin *classis*, means choral singing, and Cormac's Glossary supplies the equation as "in choir," giving, as an example, the phrase, singing the Psalms "in choir," *for claiss.* From this word *claiss* is evolved the sixth term, *Claiscetul*, which is translated by Stokes in his *Lives of the Saints*, as "choir-singing"—*cetul* meaning "singing."

The seventh term, *Foacanad*, or *singing under*, is what is vulgarly known as "singing seconds." There is not a shadow of doubt that *foacanad* signified anything else than primitive part-singing, as distinct from unison singing. Zeuss glosses *foacanim*, meaning I sing under, as the Latin *succino*, that is, one person singing a contrapuntal part, or a second melody, to another.

St. Eunan's *modulabiliter decantare* can only signify discant or *organum*, as, in the Irish glosses of the eighth century "modulantibus" is glossed by the Irish words *donaibhi bindigeddar*, that is, "to those who make melodies." This equation is strengthened by Hucbald in the ninth century, who describes organizing—singing in counterpoint—as *modulatio.*

Céol means "music," and *binnius*, "melody," whilst *caomhluighe* is equated as "unison singing." *Cuibdius* indicated "harmony," and the fifth was termed *Tead na feithe olach*, the octave below being known as *cronan.* *Rind* was also indicative of "full harmony," whilst the separate parts were given the name *leith-*

[2] *I n-oenfhecht.*

rind. O'Donovan and Meyer are at one in equating *cuibdius*[3] as harmony to a given melody.

I shall not dwell upon this point further, but only add that the invention of "ground bass" or "pedal point" must be sought in the old Irish *cronan*, an allusion to which is made as far back as the year 592, when it is decribed as "the most excellent of music."

English writers point out that St. Aldhelm (d. 709) is the first English writer to allude to *neums*, yet it must be remembered that the illustrious Saxon saint owed his knowledge of neumatic music and liturgical chant to his Irish master, St. Mailduff, in 670. Old neumatic notation is to be found in the *Codex Amiatinus*, brought by Ceolfrid, Abbot of Jarrow, in the year 716 to Rome —but the monks of Jarrow were taught by *Irish* masters. The learned Alcuin studied at Clonmacnoise, in the years 755–760, under St. Colger the Wise, whom he styles his "blessed Master and dear Father." In 803, as an old man, this English scholar, when he had resigned his scholastic labors, querulously informs Charlemagne of "the daily increasing influence of the Irish at the school of the Palace."

This brings us to the close of the eighth century, when the great school of St. Gall in Switzerland, founded by our Irish saint *Cellach* (whose name was latinized *Gallus*, or Gall), was the music centre for all Europe. As the *Antiphonarium* of St. Gall's, dating from the ninth century, is fully "noted," that is, furnished with fully developed neumatic notation, and as the imperfect chironomic notation was superseded by the *Romanian* signs, indicating phrasing, tempo, etc., the next chapter will furnish details of Irish Church music as taught and developed at the Irish monastery of St. Gall.

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[3] *Ciubdius* occurs in an extract from an Irish treatise on the Psalter, written about the year 750. Only a fragment remains, and this has been translated by Professor Kuno Meyer in Hibernia *Minora*. *Binnius* is employed in the sense of *melody* or chant, to the Psalms, whilst *cuibdius* is clearly a harmonized or contrapuntal arrangement of the melody.

THE OLDEST OF OUR LADY'S SHRINES.

St. Mary's Under-Earth.[1]

THE town of Chartres was founded in the year 600 B.C. by the Carnutes, and was the centre of early Gallic worship and the seat of the College of Druids, who, at certain periods of the year, called together here all the warriors of the nation to offer human sacrifices. These Druids had a tradition, probably derived from the prophecy of Isaias, which they had very likely learned, in turn, from the early Jews of the South of France, that a virgin was to bring forth a son and his name was to be called Emmanuel, or *God with us.* They may, however, have shared this tradition with the other primitive peoples of the world while the record of it remains specially with them; but be that as it may, there is a venerable tradition dating back to the remotest periods and frequently referred to in letters of the Kings of France that these Druid priests with their bards and Gallic warriors had set up and honored in a grotto located in the midst of the forest, a rudely sculptured wooden figure of this mysterious and God-bearing Virgin Mother who was represented as seated with her eyes closed and holding on her knees her Divine Son, which statue bore the inscription: *Virgini Parituræ.* Consequently, when the first Christian missionaries, sent by St. Peter himself, came, under the leadership of St. Savinien, afterwards Bishop of Sens, into Gaul and preached to these Druids, they found them, in a certain sense, prepared by *hope* to receive the *faith*, and they in turn recognized in the teachings of the Gospels the fulfilment of the event to which they had so long looked forward, and became easy conquests to Christianity. That Grotto, in which they worshipped

[1] *La Cathedrale.* J. K. Huysmans. Paris, 1898.

The Cathedral: a Poem. James Russell Lowell.

The Cathedrals of France. By "Eremita Peregrinus." Rev. Epiphanius Wilson, A.M. *The Churchman* Co., New York, 1900.

Stained Glass. Its Origin and Development. By M. G. Meteyard. *The Churchman*, 1903.

Notre Dame de Chartres. C. Paillert, Imprimeur-Editeur, Abbeville, and other similar pamphlets sold at Chartres.

Northern France: Leipsic: Baedeker. 1897.

the as yet "unknown God," was at once turned into a Christian chapel, and is to-day the crypt of the Cathedral of Chartres.

So rapid and so numerous were the conversions among the Carnutes that the Roman Prefect Quirinus became alarmed and he at once opened a persecution, that surest of all means to defeat its own ends and further the purpose which it seeks to retard, or altogether destroy. Quirinus gave orders to his soldiers to slaughter the neophytes who now worshipped in crowds at the subterranean cave. He did not even spare his own daughter, Modesta, who was found among the assembled faithful. The bodies of all these martyrs, the last of the *human* sacrifices at Chartres and a sort of reparation, so to speak, for the previous ones, were thrown into a neighboring pit. These first roses of Christian martyrdom in the crown of our Lady of Chartres were known as *les Saints Forts*, and a chapel was dedicated to them not far from the scene of their sacrifice, although the traces of the pit or well containing their bones can no longer be distinguished.

Thus, even if the original Druidical traditions were false, Chartres would have no uncertain glory in giving birth to so many martyrs. The old story of the blood of the slain being the seed of the Church repeated itself here for the thousandth time. The converts increased and the Druids' cave-church increased in size and splendor: destroyed by fire, war and rapine, rebuilt and reëmbellished again and again with ever-increasing splendor by the royal munificence of the Bishops Castor, Gislibert, Vulphard, St. Fulbert, St. Yvo of Chartres, King Robert of France, Canute of Denmark, Philip Augustus of France, the cathedral consecrated under St. Louis IX is now the fifth edifice covering the crypt, which is itself one of the grandest crypt-churches in the world, with frescoes, twelve side-chapels, a Byzantine font, and this crypt is known as *Notre Dame de Sous-terre*, "Our Lady under-earth." It is not claimed that the statue over its altar which was carried out and publicly destroyed by the *Sans culottes* in 1793 was the original Druid image; the present one is certainly only a "replica." Monseigneur Pie, the late Cardinal Bishop of Poitiers, who was much interested in the history of this crypt and who before his elevation to the See of Poitiers was a Canon of Chartres, says of it: "Notre Dame de Sous-terre has from the earliest days of

Christianity, even to the close of the latest century, been the most celebrated European sanctuary of Mary; there miracles innumerable have been wrought; thither a long historic procession of Kings, Popes, Pontiffs, Saints, and Christian laymen of every age and condition wends its way because the centre of devotion for the faithful of Chartres has long been this subterranean altar of our Lady. It is so peaceful, that nowhere, say the pilgrims, can the Blessed Virgin be better invoked than in this venerable spot where, apart from the grandeur of the memories which cling to it, the mysterious darkness which enshrouds it, receiving its light from the hundred lamps suspended from its vaults by the piety of the faithful, the ancient and modern pictures which decorate its walls and chapels, all inspire in the soul a pious reverence, an extraordinary devotion."

But as the Christian Church could not remain in the Catacombs, so neither could our Lady of Chartres be confined underground. The devotion there generated must perforce shoot forth like a beautiful flower, and so from this underground cell sprang one of earth's blooms of architecture, the Cathedral, which, like a glorious baldachin, covers to-day the primitive church of the crypt.

There are some thirty magnificent cathedrals and churches which attest the ancient faith of Catholic France. Among these there are seven edifices which are conceded to stand out prominently as of the first rank for their size and splendor. They are those of Paris, Amiens, Rouen, Rheims, Beauvais, Chartres, and Bourges, to which might perhaps fitly be added an eighth—Orleans. Amid the grandeur common to all, each presents its special characteristics for the devotion and enthusiasm of the spectator. There is a popular saying in France that the choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, the portals of Rheims, and the towers of Chartres in combination would make the grandest Gothic cathedral on earth. Here we catch the first specialty of Chartres—its towers, both of which are considered of surpassing architectural excellence, but the northernmost of the two is described by Ferguson, in his *History of Architecture*, as "the most beautifully designed spire on the continent of Europe, surpassing

those of Strassburg, Vienna, and Antwerp, in elegance of outline and appropriateness of design." Of the southern tower, which at first sight seems quite plain, Viollet-le-Duc has said: "It is not necessary to emphasize the beauty and grandeur of this composition in which the architect has exhibited rare self-restraint, in that the whole effect is produced, not by the introduction of ornament, but by the just and skilful proportion of the various parts," and he further calls it "the grandest tower we possess in France." A recent writer on the subject says of it: "The spire has remained in spite of fire and tempest just as it was when William the Breton, who built it, declared that it was proof against flame. Simple, strong, well-balanced, it rises less beautiful perhaps than its companion spire, but full of a sort of stern and masculine charm, which is rather enhanced by contrast with the elaborate fretwork and tracery of the northern spire." The exquisite grace and decorative splendor of the north tower speak for themselves. This spire was rebuilt in its present form after its latest destruction by fire in the sixteenth century. At the foot of the south tower stands the ancient gnomen or sun-dial, such as were common in France of the thirteenth century. The apparent simplicity of the architectural outline of the whole building, together "with the grandeur of its conception, its vast dimensions, the huge blocks of stone of which it is built, combine to invest this cathedral with a most impressive dignity." But it is not alone a wonderful piece of art, which exhibits to the architect all the merits of other cathedrals, even where it does not so completely accentuate them individually, it has furnished the unending theme to the literateur, the orator, and the poet. The Cardinal Bishop of Poitiers, Monseigneur Pie, the great French literary artist Huysmans, and, better than either of these, James Russell Lowell have celebrated, in their respective arts, this fairest and oldest—with a beauty that is ever new—of Our Lady's shrines. Both Huysmans and Lowell have entitled their books "The Cathedral," as though this were the only cathedral on earth. The former, under the text: "*Dilexi, Domine, decorem domus tuae, et locum habitationis gloriae suae*," p. xxv, has enlightened us as to the spiritual significance contained in its stones; while Mr. Lowell, with the more "Anglo-Saxon" practicality, draws the fountains of his delight from the pen-cleft rock

of its more material side. He paints its outward beauty, leaving the spiritual portraiture to his French Catholic brother enthusiast. It is not without a sense of humor, characteristic of his calmer, if not colder, "Saxon" temperament, that this "prudent bard" was careful to "first order dinner at the pseudo 'Pea Green Inn' before proceeding to investigate" the minster's vast repose.

> "Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff
> Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat."

I went to see Chartres, the Cathedral, I came away more than satisfied, delighted indeed, with *that;* but more impressed with Chartres, the Shrine, its *spiritual* rather than its architectural effect.

About the year 876 the Cathedral of Chartres received a treasure which in spiritual significance rivalled its famous crypt. This was the famous *Chemisette de la Sainte Vierge*, an inner tunic or veil of silk *écru*, worn doubled around the head and neck with the ends placed inside the outer garment. It is said to have belonged to Our Lady and has been at least proved by antiquarian scholars to be exactly the kind of article of dress worn by Jewish women at the period of Our Lady's life. According to an ancient tradition, it was brought from the Holy Land in the fifth century to Constantinople, where a magnificent Basilica was built to receive it. Subsequently the Empress Irene presented it to Charlemagne, and in time his descendant, Charles the Fat, gave it with great pomp to this venerable sanctuary of his kingdom, as the centre of that worship of veneration and love rendered to Mary throughout all the Western Church. Scarcely was this tunic within the walls of the town than it became, so to speak, the palladium of the Chartrains, *Carnutum tutela.* Hoisted on the ramparts in the form of a standard by Bishop Gantelme, it put to flight Rollo and his Normans, who, feeling themselves conquered by the "Virgin of Chartres," were immediately baptized and became at once Christians and Frenchmen.

Three hundred and fifty years later a similar event occurred when the English, under Edward III, laid siege to the city which he hoped to easily reduce in the absence of its defender, John the Good, whom the redoubtable Black Prince had taken prisoner

at Poitiers. The English monarch inexorably refused all overtures for peace. The citizens invoked their Patroness with fasting and prayer. Suddenly a terrible deluge of rain and destructive hail fell upon the English camp. Edward, terror-stricken at the gate of the city, fell to his knees in the midst of his humiliated troops and vowed to withdraw. Some days later a treaty of peace was signed at Bretigny, and Chartres saw its conqueror enter its walls as the conquered of Her who is "terrible as an army set in array." He approached the venerable shrine as an humble pilgrim. On March 1, 1568, the city of Chartres was invested by the Huguenots under Condé, who, in his heretical hatred of the honor paid to the Blessed Virgin, is reported by one of the chroniclers to have said that he would ravage the cathedral, and stable his horse at its altar. The defence was entrusted to Antoine de Linières, who, perceiving that the *Drouaise* gate was the key of the position, directed all his forces in its defence, but he found himself powerless against the numbers and energy of the Huguenots. In their extreme peril the Chartrains turned to *Notre Dame de Sous-terre.* Men and women, old and young, joined their supplications with those of the priests. While one-half of the population besought God in prayer, the other half wrestled courageously with the enemies alike of God and country. The Huguenots perceiving the wonderful appearance of the statue of Our Lady above the gate, and doubtless eager to make void the inscription which it bore: *Carnutum tutela*, redoubled their efforts and made it the target of their fury. All the wall around was demolished, but the statue remained untouched in its position, and when on the 9th of March the Huguenots attempted to enter the breach, they fancied they saw their way barred by a grand lady holding a child in her arms. Whether or not Condé saw the prodigy, certain it is that, to the intense astonishment of everybody, a messenger was suddenly sent to the Governor of the city from the "King of the Huguenots," as he was styled by his followers, announcing a truce under the provisions of which the enemy, on the morning of the 15th, suddenly abandoned the siege and entirely withdrew. This miraculous interposition of the Blessed Virgin in favor of her city was ordered to be commemorated annually by a solemn procession on that anniversary,

and to this day the stranger within the city's gates is reminded of this fact by an oratory erected on that part of the walls, known now as *Notre Dame de la Brêche*, "Our Lady of the Breach;" while the Place de l'Epars is the scene of the victory over the Normans under Rollo. In 1789 the chapel de la Brêche was sold and demolished, but M. l'Abbé Baret having purchased the site had erected on it a memorial monument before which, since the 15th of March, 1844, the commemorative procession always halts.

In 1832 the ravages of the cholera ceased when the Holy Tunic was carried in procession through the streets. Countless other miracles are recorded, but these wonders at Chartres were only a repetition of similar prodigies that had marked the presence of the tunic at the capital of the Byzantine Empire. To the scoffer ready here with his cry of "Superstition" we would say that no Catholic is obliged to believe these facts to be miracles, nor are they necessarily so; they can even be explained on psychological grounds.

To the venerable relics already mentioned was added later a third which rivals the other two as an object of devotion, *Notre Dame du Pilier*. This is an old statue, so called because as early as the sixteenth century it was attached to one of the columns of the *jubé*. It is a sitting figure, carved in wood, of Our Blessed Lady supporting the Divine Infant on her knee with her left hand, while her right grasps a sceptre. Both figures wear handsome crowns. Somewhat like the Druidical statue in the crypt, it is Oriental in style and its bronzed face has caused it to be named "the black Madonna." It has been for four centuries a great object of devotion and the numerous answers to prayers made here have won for it the title "miraculous." From its dominant position facing the nave all capitular processions stopped before it in times of calamity, and *les Enfants d'Aulbe* with torches in hand chanted here for the people the *Salve Regina*. Kings and princes brought to it their splendid offerings, the city of Chartres burned before it the whole year through a huge candle known as the *Tour de Cire*, or wax tower of the city, because it equalled probably in inches the number of feet comprising the ancient walls. At the Revolution the statue disappeared, but was found

long after in a rubbish heap in a corner of the crypt, whence it was triumphantly brought forth and erected in a niche near the choir. The walls of this niche are now lined with votive offerings, most of them in the form of golden hearts, while rows of handsome lamps, kept constantly burning, are suspended around it, and numerous tapers light up the sombre recesses. It is a pious custom with the people of Chartres to kiss the marble pillar on which this statue is now mounted, instead of being set on an altar. Troops of children coming from school will pass through the church and press their lips to this column. It is interesting on the great festivals of the Blessed Virgin, particularly her Nativity, to watch the country people, especially the mothers leading their little ones, or carrying them in their arms, as they flock to the statue of *Notre Dame du Pilier.*

Chartres, indeed, is the special shrine of the children not only of France but of the world. Before their birth their mothers come to invoke a safe delivery and a blessing on their offspring from the *Virgo paritura*, *Notre Dame de Sous-terre;* after birth they are brought here to be solemnly dedicated as children of Mary, and to be clothed in the blue and white dresses which they wear generally until their seventh year. There exists also at Chartres besides other confraternities, such as *du Pilier* and *Sous-terre*, an association known as *l'œuvre des Clercs de Notre Dame* for the purpose of filling the ranks of the priesthood. This Society furnishes to poor children the means of making their preparatory studies before entering the clerical seminary, and one of the most charming passages of Huysmans' *Cathedral* is Durtal's description of the little beneficiary of the *l'œuvre des Clercs* who served the Mass in this crypt. These acolytes, who also act as choir boys, are trained from their earliest years with a view to the higher calling, much as the altar boys in the parish church at Oberammergau are being prepared for the task of taking part in the Passion Play as future Christuses, Judases, Johns, Caiphases, Pilates, Herods, and the rest. So Notre Dame de Chartres is the shrine by excellence of Christian children.

In front of Notre Dame du Pilier sits all day a priest who acts as guard of honor to Our Lady and receives petitions, enrols pilgrims and distributes books, beads, and other means of propa-

gating the beautiful devotion connected with this singular shrine of the Mother of God. It was this statue of Notre Dame du Pilier that, on May 31, 1855, was by command of Pius IX solemnly crowned in his name by Mgr. Regnault, Bishop of Chartres, amid incomparable splendor. Other great festivities have marked the devotion of Chartres during this century; thus in 1857 the restoration of the cult in the crypt as reparation for the sacrilege offered to its ancient statue in 1793. Similar ceremonies took place in 1860 to mark the sixth centenary of the dedication of the cathedral; and in 1873 came the grand national pilgrimage of over fifty thousand participants, including a large proportion of the Parliament of France led by the celebrated Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. In 1849 the Tunic was replaced in a new and magnificent *chasse*, all the jewels and adornments of which were votive offerings, and in 1876 was solemnly celebrated the *millenary* of the presentation of the Tunic itself by King Charles. Thus are continued in our own age the splendid fêtes of mediæval piety.

The present existing edifice was commenced in 1120. Its erection after a great conflagration was inaugurated by a veritable spiritual crusade. The people of Chartres intended to build, not merely a church to surmount their mystic grotto, but a reliquary worthy of their sacred treasures. Hence they wished their cathedral to be without a rival in France. Kings, bishops, and princes lent their aid; the peasants yoked themselves to the carts that dragged the building materials. In 1194 a fresh conflagration destroyed this marvel of art, and for a second time in the same century the fervor of the people broke forth in rebuilding, until in 1260 the greater part, except the towers of the present edifice, was completed and dedicated in the presence of St. Louis of France. It is uncertain who was the designer of this last work, but the story goes that it was a simple Benedictine monk, one of the members of that guild of church builders which had been organized at Chartres itself in 1145, which literally sowed the soil of France with magnificent temples, and who were on that account known by the quaint title of *Logeurs du Bon Dieu*, hosts of our Lord, since they provided lodging for Him on earth.

I have said nothing of the west façade, which is decidedly plain in appearance. "It is pierced by three doorways lavishly adorned with sculptures, representing scenes in the life of our Lord, with statues and statuettes representing Biblical characters. These are stiff and Byzantine in type, with flat faces, short arms, elongated bodies, and ungraceful draping. Above the doors are three painted windows surmounted by a handsome rose window, above which again runs an arcade with sixteen large statues. Over the arcade rises a gable containing a statue of the Blessed Virgin, between two angels, and bearing on its apex a figure of our Saviour." The façade is flanked by the two towers already referred to. The side portals are far more elaborately decorated than the west front. The portals are of the thirteenth century, while the porches through which they are entered are of the fourteenth. The sculptures on the north side represent scenes in the life of the Blessed Virgin, and those on the south are "consecrated" to the Last Judgment by Pierre Mauclerc, Count de Dreux, who also gave the rose-window of the south transept.

"The noble style of the large statues, the wonderful expressiveness of the statuettes, the variety and life of the bas-reliefs and the finish of the mouldings combine to range these portals among the most splendid examples of monumental sculpture," inferior perhaps only to those of Rheims, which are probably unsurpassed in the whole range of Gothic architecture. The other parts of the exterior of Chartres cathedral are also conspicuous for their originality and elaborateness of conception and the richness of their ornamentation, over all of which broods a spirit of delicate and chaste refinement. "There are two other towers flanking each of the side portals and one on each side of the beginning of the apse, but none of them have been carried above the springing of the roof;" the original design contemplated nine towers in all. The chapel of St. Piat adjoining the chevet to the roof is entered from within the cathedral by the unique device of a separate staircase.

The decorative effects of our great cathedrals express a symbolism instructive as well as elevating. The symbolism of Chartres has been so charmingly explained by a Protestant writer, the Rev. Epiphanius Wilson, that I may be pardoned if I repeat it here. It refers to the exterior mainly:

"The left hand portal has in its tympanum Christ as the Ruler of earth, as in the central doorway He appears as the Ruler of Heaven. Here we find the signs of the zodiac portrayed as indicating the procession of the seasons, and below are the laborers of the year, as represented by men working at various occupations.

"The left hand portal has in its voussoirs sculptures representing the liberal arts, although in a somewhat more elaborate way than these are carved at Laon. Each of these arts is personified by a woman sitting, and below this figure a man is represented as writing upon a tablet, which rests on his knee. Thus Music is seen to strike with her hammer three little bells; a harp is on her knees; and other instruments of music are at her side. Pythagoras is writing in the compartment beneath Music, and has an erasing knife in his left hand. Dialectics carries in her right hand a winged dragon, and dictates to Gerbert (well known as one of the most learned of mediæval theologians, and afterward enrolled amongst the Popes as Sylvester II). Rhetoric is delivering a speech, while Quintilian, beneath her feet, is making her pen. Geometry holds a square and compass, and Archimedes is writing under her inspiration. Philosophy is seated with open book, upon which Plato utters a commentary. Astronomy gazes at the sky, in the presence of Ptolemy. Grammar has two scholars crouching at her feet, opening her book she holds her rod over them; one of them is studying, the other holds out his hand for punishment, while his face is contorted. Chilon is writing under the seat of Grammar; the whole series is spirited, and, considering the confined area within which so many figures are grouped, the work is admirably done.

"Thus this western portal of Chartres represents in a summary the whole of human life, present and future. We can scarcely understand nowadays, when intelligence is so widely diffused, when books are so cheap and common, and almost every one reads, how practically useful such a series of sculptures as those we see on the gate of Chartres must have proved to the general people. In days when magic and witchcraft were believed in, it was necessary to define clearly what were the genuine departments of human intellectual activity; and when toil was often the lot of none but the bondmen or the serf, it was a good thing to teach men that God was the patron of all work and handicraft, and that it was He who ruled the seasons. The almanac was set on the church door, and the symbols of wholesome knowledge inscribed there to arouse the curiosity and stir the mental

activity of those who were ignorant; while the Christian temple at the same time, by the figures on its very portals, directed men to the life beyond the grave, where Christ reigned in glory among 'the spirits of just men made perfect.'

"It is curious to notice that on the far more gorgeous portals of the transepts are represented certain features of human life, as complementary to the allegories of the western façade. In the left hand voussoir of the north door the virtues are represented, and in the door of the south transept the vices are carved. In the former series there are fourteen figures, viz., Memory, Liberty, Honor, Prayer, Adoration, Promptitude, Courage, Concord, Friendship, Power, Majesty, Sanity, Security, Religion. These crowned nimbussed figures, bearing crosses or standards, are beautifully rendered. It has been well said apropos of these statues, representing, as they do, so many practical as well as ideal qualities and attributes of civic life: 'The Church lived in those days, . . . she entered into the social movement whose end was the establishment of a great nation in western Europe; she was genuinely national, and bent on the development of intellectual activity among the people.'

"The south transept portal is often much more admired than other parts of the exterior. In the relievo of the central tympanum Christ is enthroned beside the B. V. Mary. The twelve apostles are ranged with appropriate symbols along the pillars of the archway. On the trumeau is a fine statue of St. Mary the Virgin."

The interior is of vast and majestic harmony in its proportions and purity of details. It is 423 feet long, 105 wide across the nave, 150 feet across the transepts, and 120 feet in height, the vaulting supported by fifty pillars and forty-five columns; on the floor of the nave is a curious maze of colored lines called *La Liene*, the total length of which is said to be 967 feet. It is supposed to have served as a penitential path for worshippers, the stations on it corresponding to the beads of a rosary. Each arm of the transept has an aisle, and is embellished with a rich wheel window above a row of single-light painted windows; above the arches of the nave runs a low triforium gallery surmounted by a high clerestory. The choir and apse are surrounded by a double ambulatory, and the latter is flanked by seven chapels. The wall enclosing the choir bears exquisite sculptures so delicate as to resemble point-lace in

stone. It was begun by Jean Lexier, architect of the famous north spire. This choir wall was constructed about 1514, but not completed until two centuries later. Originally it had a *jubé* or screen to the front of the choir. This was demolished in the last century by "restoration fiends" of that tasteless period. The forty compartments of this wall comprise most of the principal scenes in the life of our Divine Lord and the Blessed Virgin. The deep perspective of the long nave and choir are unrelieved by any prominence of the high altar, a similar deficiency being observable at Cologne and several other great cathedrals. At Chartres, however, this omission is in a certain measure supplied by a marble group representing the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin which rather unliturgically surmounts the high altar, besides being architecturally somewhat out of accord with a Gothic cathedral. It also serves as the case or treasury of the *Chemisette* which is kept behind it. Bridan, sculptor to Louis XVI, as soon as he had received the order for this statue from the Chartrains left for Italy, where after two years and a half he found in a hamlet, near Carrara, six blocks of marble of the purest grain, which he had finally transported to Chartres. After three years of assiduous labor, in the year 1773, his facile chisel had converted the blocks into one of the finest groups of sculpture in Europe. By a singular incident it narrowly escaped destruction twenty years later from the revolutionary vandals, one of whom with brutal ignorance had placed a red cap on the head of Our Lady, a spectacle which so aroused the merriment of the blood-drunken rabble led on by the *chapeau rouge* and *tricolor* patriots, that instead of decapitating the figure as they had done in other places, they cheered Our Lady as a true daughter of liberty and equality. The figure is represented as being borne aloft by four angels, who lift her as it were out of the crypt beneath, where she had been so long buried, as it were, in her legendary flower-lined tomb. The marble group presents a restful object to the eye of the spectator, and its grace and beauty make the whole church musical. It is easy while looking at it to realize Keats' image[2] of the whole vast nave and vaulting filled by angels "with hair blown back, hands crosswise on the breast," singing as they float upward

[2] Keats, *Eve of St. Agnes.*

the anthem of Our Lady which drew forth the admiring confession of Tennyson:

Ave, Regina Coelorum,
Ave, Dominia angelorum;
Salve, radix, salve, porta,
Ex qua mundo lux est orta.

Gaude, virgo gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa.
Vale, O valde decora
Et pro nobis Christum exora.

Hail, Mary, Queen of Heavenly spheres
Hail, whom the angelic host reveres!
Hail, fruitful root, hail, sacred gate!
Whence the world's light derives its date.

O glorious maid, with beauty blessed!
May joys eternal fill thy breast,
Thus crowned with beauty and with joy,
Thy prayers with Christ for us employ.

Another translation has it as follows:

Hail, Mary, Queen of Heaven enthroned!
Hail, by angels mistress owned,
Root of Jesse, Gate of Morn,
Whence the world's true light was born.

Glorious Virgin, joy to thee!
Loveliest whom in Heaven they see!
Fairest thou where all are fair!
Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

But perhaps the greatest material glory of Chartres lies in its 147 windows, the superb stained glass of which dates from the thirteenth century. The finest of these lights are the three wheel windows of the west front, each of which is thirty-six feet in diameter, but the rosaces of the transepts are hardly less remarkable. The trefoils of the west windows burst from their background of Erebus-like blackness like the first rose-white dawn breaking forth in joy from chaos at the Divine mandate: *Sit lux*, while those of the transepts may be compared to the network of a gigantic spiderweb bedewed with jewels of fire in the figure of three roses. The wide and lofty windows of the nave

and clerestory are either plain or single openings, or are divided into two lights by a mullion of unusual slenderness. They remind one of the fine lights of ancient Persian glass in the Mosque of Suliman at Constantinople. Other windows of Europe are magnificent in historic pictures that seem like translucent paintings; these are not so much pictorial, they are rather plates of glowing jewels, vitreous mosaics representing single human figures. To stand at the end of the ambulatory whence the most extensive view can be had of them collectively, is a scene of weird enchantment. One of them especially, representing the *Madonna du Pilier*, has been, since the twelfth century, the special object of devout interest, and is known as *La Belle Verrier*, before which the pilgrims lit their tapers.

Another famous window of this series is the tree of Jesse, in twelfth century glass, placed over the entrance, the color of which completely captured Huysmans' imagination. It is described by Wilson:

"The ground color is a limpid blue, with a suggestion of green, resembling the turquoise of an autumn sky. The robe of Jesse is wine-colored, his mantle emerald green, his cloak of office and his crown a dull yellow, his shoes and the edges of his sleeves red. Plain hatchings are employed for modelling without destroying the local tone, but permitting all the colors harmoniously to blend. The painters of the twelfth century, knowing well how transparent colors placed at a distance in juxtaposition interacted upon each other, had the great secret of making an effective stained glass window. As blue, for instance, has a tendency to irradiate and blur the clearness of contiguous outlines and masses of color, the makers of this window have outlined many leaves of this tree in plain white, whose brightness and coldness they have, however, softened by the insertion of many qualifying details. The blue background of the whole widow is, moreover, considerably weakened in its overpowering effect by several devices in color of which the explanation would here be too technical. The window is a perfect success because it is the work not only of true colorists, but of colorists who knew how to produce harmony, clearness, and brilliancy in combination through the medium of stained glass placed at a considerable distance from the spectator, between him and the light. They knew, moreover, how to use glass

so as to produce depth of tone, by increased thickness in the medium. Some of the glass at Chartres is half an inch thick."

Of the rose-window the same author speaks thus:

"The great rose-window in the western wall of Chartres seems in many ways wonderful. It is wonderful in design, wonderful both as a piece of masonry and as a combination of color points. It will be noticed that it has none of the delicate floriated tracery which is found in windows of a later period. It is plain, and simple in design, and its power and effect spring from the arrangement of its bourgeon-like apertures. It may be said to show three circumferences. A central circle of masonry has its rim studded on the concave edge with cusps, which part the glass into petals. From the outside of this circle rise columnar radii, crowned with capitals, and joined by rounded arches. The central figure is then repeated in a smaller scale as an outside fringe to this quasi-arcade, and between each of these circles is a quatrefoil opening pierced. The window is geometrical, and to some eyes may seem heavy. It exactly suits the physiognomy of Chartres, and fills the gable inside and out with just the amount of light and shade which is in harmony with the lines of the building. In the early Romanesque basilica there is often found a small, circular opening, glazed or unglazed, high up in the gable. This used to be called the *oculus*, the eye, of the building. No one can gaze at the great rose-window at Chartres, whether he sees it throwing its iridescent tints through the shadows of the interior, or filling the vast space between the two towers on the façade, without acknowledging it to be the eye, the illuminating point, the centre of beauty to the whole majestic cathedral."

It is these windows in all their wealth of Oriental richness that give animation to the lily-like whiteness of the church combined with that sacredly mysterious Byzantine tone which forced reverence from Napoleon the Great, who, on entering the church for the first time, exclaimed: "An atheist would feel ill at ease in this place." [3]

"In the cathedral at Chartres, also dedicated to Our Lady, thirteenth century glass can be seen in all its glory. Here are still one

[3] The various guide-books of Chartres and local pamphlets describe these windows in elaborate detail which M. G. Meteyard, a modern writer on ancient glass, has most happily abridged.

hundred and twenty-five large lancets, three large rose-windows, many smaller ones over lancets with other small circular windows, and a number of grisaille and quarry windows, nearly all of that time. Here, also, St. Louis was a generous giver. In the north transept the great rose, with its five lancets below, was his gift and that of his mother, and was called the Rose of France. Fleurs de Lys and Castles (of Castile) alternate in the spandrels below the rose. Its general subject is the glorification of the Blessed Virgin. In the central compartment she is seated with Our Lord. Round them are three circles of twelve medallions each. In the first are four doves, four thrones and four angels incensing. In the second are twelve kings, the Virgin's ancestors. In the third twelve prophets, and in twelve quatrefoils the arms of France. In the central lancet below, St. Anne holds the Infant Virgin. In the lancets each side of this are figures typifying, it has been said, true and false kingship and priesthood: David and Saul, Melchisedec and Nabuchodonosor, Solomon and Jeroboam, Aaron and Pharaoh.

"The rose of the south transept opposite was the gift of Pierre Mauclerc and of his family. He was great grandson of Louis VI of France, Count of Dreux and of Brittany also through his wife. Mauclerc does not imply that he was ignorant, but ill-disposed toward the clergy; yet he gave to the church a magnificent and unique window. In its centre appears Our Lord in glory. He is in the act of blessing, and holds a chalice in His left hand. On either side is a candlestick. Round Him are the symbols of the Evangelists—eight angels with incense, twenty-four elders with harps and vials of perfume. In twelve quatrefoils are the arms of Dreux and of Brittany. In the centre of the five large lancets below are the Virgin and Child. In the other four are the four greater prophets—Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel—bearing on their shoulders the four Evangelists, showing that the new law is supported by the old, which it fulfils, but does not destroy. Below these are small figures, kneeling or standing, of the donor, his wife, his son John, and Yolande of Brittany. All wear the ermines of Brittany and otherwise illustrate the costumes of the times. Though these figures are slightly larger and less humble in attitude than that of Suger as donor at St. Denis, they have not yet the undue prominence of later givers.

"Most of the choir windows contain medallions, with figures or subjects under canopies, while smaller medallions at the base represent members of various guilds, donors of the windows, following their

trades. The central window of the apse gives the history of Our Lady, and most of the surrounding figures are prophets with their prophecies regarding her. In the clerestory windows are large figures under canopies with borders. One of these shows St. Denis giving the oriflamme to Henri Clement, Marshal of France in 1214. The whole or part of the colored glass in eight of the choir clerestory windows was removed in the eighteenth century to let in more light on the large marble group of the Assumption, then placed in the choir, and so slight was the value then set on these windows that one or more were taken away to enable the workmen to see better to place the statuary. One at least of these windows then removed was given by St. Louis, another by St. Ferdinand, King of Castile, his cousin.

"It is supposed that in this century, and perhaps earlier, there was a large atelier or school for glasswork at Chartres. From it windows as well as cartoons were probably sent to different parts of the country, and even across the channel. Doubtless, as in the century before, French glaziers were sent for from England, and English workmen went to study in France when a part of the country was still under English rule. The name of Clement of Chartres with a thirteenth century date was discovered early in the nineteenth century on a window in Rouen cathedral; and resemblances are very great in drawing, design, and color between windows at Chartres and at other French and even English cities. In an apsidal window at Chartres, on the right of the central window, is a figure of the prophet Isaiah, closely resembling, especially in the fashion of the cap, one at Canterbury. When, 1816, five windows at Chartres were much injured, they were restored after similar ones at Canterbury. Chartres stands unrivalled in the extent of its thirteenth century glass."

The reader will not take it amiss if to these somewhat lengthy quotations I add Mr. Huysmans' impression of this gem of Gothic art, as expressed in the character of his hero Durtal.

"But Durtal heard no more; far from all this monumental exegesis he admired without even seeking to analyze this astonishing church. In the mystery of its own shadow rendered more dim by the vaporous rain, it mounted clear and ever clearer in the measure that it became elevated into the white firmament of its naves, exhausting itself like the soul which is purified by an illuminative

ascension as it mounts the ways of the mystical life. Its arched columns threading themselves out into thin fasces and fine sheaves so frail that one might expect to see them break at the slightest breath, but it was only at the most bewildering heights that these fibres bent and intermingled, branched from one end of the cathedral to the other above the void, grafting themselves, commingling their sap, and finished by blooming forth as it were in a corbel amid the ungilded flowers of the vaulted clefts. This church was the supreme effort of Matter seeking to allege itself, rejecting like a useless ballast the emaciated burden of its walls, replacing them by a substance less weighty and more lucid, substituting for the opacity of its stones the diaphonous epidermis of its windows. It spiritualized itself, made itself all soul, all prayer, as it sprang upward to rejoin its Lord. Light and graceful, almost imponderable, it became the most magnificent expression of that beauty which escapes from its earthly poise, which seraphizes itself. It was frail and pallid like the virgins of Roger van der Weyden, spare and slender, that they soar aloft as though they were not in some way held here below by the weight of their brocades and trains. It was the same mystical conception as a thin body completely extenuated and inflamed with an ardent soul which being unable to disengage itself entirely from the body endeavored to purify it by reducing it and emaciating it till it had rendered it almost volatile. It stupified by its soaring flight finally lost amid its vaultings and the wild splendor of its glass. The weather outside was dull, nevertheless a perfect furnace of precious stones glowed in the panes of its lancets and its spheres encircled with roses. And as also at Bourges, the glass of which is of the same epoch, the influence of the Orient is visible here in the panes of Chartres, not only the personages with hierarchical aspect but the sumptuous and barbarian contour of these Asiatic figures, the backgrounds by their design and effect of their tones at once recall those Persian tapestries which have undoubtedly served as models to painters, as we read in the *Livre des Métiers* that in the thirteenth century, in France and in Paris itself were manufactured imitations of tapestries brought by the Crusaders from the Levant.

"But apart from the subjects and patterns, the colors of these pictures were, so to speak, merely accessory adjuncts, only the servants destined to add value to another color, the blue, a splendid and unheard of blue of glittering sapphire, extra-lucid, a blue clear and sharp which sparkled everywhere, scintillating, as in the glasses of a

kaleidescope, in the panes of the nave and choir, in the rosaces of the transepts, in the windows of the Royal porch where it shone under the grilles of black iron like the flame of a sulphurous blue. In a word, with the tint of its stones and its glasses, Notre Dame de Chartres was a blonde with blue eyes, she was personified as a kind of pale fairy, as a sort of virgin tall and slim, with large azure eyes enfocusing pupils of roseate brightness, she was the mother of a Christ of the North, a primitive Christ of Flanders, enthroned in the *outremer* of the heaven and surrounded, as it were, by a touching recollection of the Crusades in the oriental tapestries of glass, and these diaphonous tapestries of bouquets of sandal wood and spice embalming the subtle perfumes of the Magian Kings were a scented blossoming of the tints culled at the price of so much blood in the fields of Palestine, and which the Occident which had yielded them now offered to the Madonna, under the cold climate of Chartres, in remembrance of that land of the sun where she had lived and where her Divine Child willed to be born.

"There in the space overhead human figures like salamanders, with enflamed faces and robes all amber-hued, lived in a firmament of fire; but this riot of flames was circumscribed by an incombustible framework of deeper shades of glass, which rolled back and tempered the youth and brilliant joy of the counter flames by a sort of melancholy, a semblance of an aspect more serious and venerable by which sombre colors effect a contrast. That *hallali* of reds, that limpid security of whites, that repeated alleluia of yellows, that virginal glory of blues, all that pulsating furnace glow of glass was smothered as it neared that bordering tint with iron rusts and fluid russets, imperious violets, bottle greens, nutty browns, sooted blacks and ashen grays!

"How different from Beauvais are the harp-like chords which form the aerial skeleton of Chartres! No, after all, Beauvais, like Rheims and Paris, is a cathedral *grosse*.[4] It has not the *distingué* slenderness, the eternal adolescence of forms, all that is comprised in the patrician tone of Amiens but especially of Chartres."

And again referring to the Oriental characteristics of this church as denoted in the above passage he says:

"Now what is the special characteristic of the mysticism of the Orient? It is calmness in faith, love burning over itself, dilection without demonstration, ardent but repressed and internal."

[4] A *torso*, as it has elsewhere been most eloquently described.

And thus, as is said in another place, this cathedral represents that Virgin Mother who silently "pondered all these words in her heart." "In a word, it is a symbol of the interior life, the image of a monastical existence, the true architecture of the cloister."

"This basilica is the most magnificent expression of art that the Middle Ages have bequeathed to us. Its façade has neither the terrifying majesty of the perforated façade of Rheims, nor the heaviness and dulness of Notre Dame at Paris, nor the giant grace, nor the massive solemnity of Bourges, but it reveals an imposing simplicity, a graceful slenderness, an impulse of life that no other cathedral attains; it is mysterious and spiritual, and it is this characteristic that evokes more perfectly the idea of the delicate body of a saint emaciated by prayer and rendered almost transparent with fasting. Then its windows are without compeers, superior even to those of Bourges, although its sanctuary be flowered with sumptuous bouquets of Deicoles!

"Finally the sculpture of its royal porch is the most beautiful ever fashioned by the hand of man. It is, moreover, almost unique in that it has nothing of the dolorous and menacing aspect of its grand sisters. Its Madonna is always the Madonna of Bethlehem, the young Mother, and Jesus is always with her as a little child, and He obeys her while she implores Him. It denotes, moreover, the fulness of her patience, of her charity, by the symbolic length of its crypt and the breadth of its nave, which surpasses that of all other basilicas. It is, in a word, the mystical cathedral by excellence where the Madonna receives sinners with most sweetness.

"As for me who am no visionary and who must draw on my imagination to describe her, it seems to me that I perceive her in the outlines and expression even of this cathedral; her features are a little flushed in the wan transplendency of the great rose flamboyant like a nimbus behind her head. She smiles and her eyes all light have the incomparable brightness of those clear sapphires that light the entrance of the nave. Her fluid body effuses itself in a robe of transparent flame fluted with rays. Her countenance has the purity of mother of pearl, and her hair, woven as if on the spinning wheel of the sun, waves in threads of gold. She is the spouse of the canticles: *Pulchra ut luna, electa ut sol.* The Basilica wherein she resides and which confounds itself with her is illumined with her graces, the gems of its windows chant her virtues, the thin, frail columns which leap

with a spring from flagstone to roof, disclose her aspirations and desires. The pavement bespeaks her humility, the vaultings, which are united like a dais above her, tell of her charity. The stones and glasses repeat her anthems, and it can even go so far as to invoke in the somewhat warlike aspect of certain details of the sanctuary—such as that *tournour chevaleresque* recalling the crusades, with the plates of swords, and the borders of windows and roses, the casques of the ogives, the coats of mail of the old clock, the iron trellis of certain panes;—the *Capitulum* of Prime and the anthem at Lauds of her Little Office, and translate the *terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata* and declare that privilege when she wishes to be 'terrible as an army in battle array.'

"But not often, I believe, does she wish to be so here, for this cathedral is above all the reflection of her inexhaustible tenderness, the echo of her impartible glory."

Nearly all the kings of France, from Clovis to Louis XVI, are known to have been devoutly attached to Notre Dame de Chartres, as is attested by numerous superb votive offerings. Henry IV, when he had decided that "Paris was worth a mass," and that the old faith of France was the most peaceful to live, and the safest to die in, had himself crowned here—the only one of all the long line of French monarchs up to the days of the Revolution who was not crowned at Rheims.

Other monarchs were not behind those of France in testifying their devotion to this shrine. From England came Canute, Queen Mathilda, Richard the Lion-hearted, and glorious Edward III. Spain sent Queen Blanche of Castile and Saint Ferdinand to proclaim the suzerainty of Our Lady of Chartres Three Popes of the twelfth century—Pascal II, Innocent III, and Alexander III—bent before this altar in honor of Our Lady. Heroes like Chevalier Bayard, and saints like Thomas of Canterbury, who prepared himself here for the martyrdom which he foresaw, did honor to the shrine of Chartres. Of special interest among the numerous ex-votos represented by jewels, weapons, armor, banners, caskets, and curios of every kind, are those of the Hurons and Abnaqui Indians of North America, who, converted to the Faith by missionaries from Chartres, sent in the eighteenth century their simple offerings to this shrine as a mark of gratitude.

A pious author, in referring to this shrine, has said: "Is it not permissible in seeking here recourse to Mary to apply to her that title which the Druids so auspiciously gave to their sacred plant, *Remedy of all evils*, and in the elation of a pious confidence to ask her to strengthen our weakness, soften our sufferings, calm our sorrows, and dry our tears, or to address to her the touching invocation inspired by her secular title—*Virgo Paritura?* O Virgin Immaculate, to whom it was given to conceive and to bring forth to grace and glory all the elect of God! we conjure thee to receive us in your maternal bosom and to form us spiritually in yourself, that we may rise in Jesus Christ."

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IS DEMOCRACY BANKRUPT?

TO say "yes" seems a paradox and yet to be the only answer that a careful examination will allow. For, after a fair trial under most varied conditions in America, in Great Britain, and in France, democracy has been condemned, not indeed by statesmen and politicians who cannot be expected to have a keen sight for unwelcome truths, but by serious students of politics. This anti-democratic movement, beginning in England with the jurist Sir Henry Maine, with Tennyson the poet in his later mood, and with Lecky the historian, has been carried on by a number of modern writers, of whom Mr. W. H. Mallock is a characteristic example; while, in America, the late Mr. Godkin, in his searching criticisms, has been followed by many others, like Professor Sumner, Dr. Hadley, and Professor John B. Clarke. And a modern impartial witness and expert can be found in M. Ostrogorski, who lays bare as if with a scalpel the morbid growths within the democracies of Great Britain and the United States. Nor can the preface of Mr. Bryce, who avows himself almost a professional optimist, dispel the gloom of M. Ostrogorski's conclusion, the result of his "lengthy inquiry" on England and "patient analysis," that the popular form of party organization enables the masses, not to be made independent, but to be captured; has not raised the tone of public life, has organized social bribery, and en-

ervated the will and personal responsibility of the voter.[1] Then, in America much of what we might put aside as exaggeration or irony in Mr. Ghent's *Benevolent Feudalism* is fully confirmed in the sober pages of M. Ostrogorski's second volume; how the rulers are not the people, but the boss and the machine,—or rather in general their captors, the capitalists, especially the capitalists in combination. And the old hopes that universal education, universal suffrage, and the legal freedom of the press would render abuses impossible, cannot remain after the visible failure of all of them to secure elections according to free choice, or office according to merit, or legislation free from the suspicion, and a press free from certainty, of subjection to the power of the purse.

Moreover, the change in the political sphere and the visible growth of oligarchy or plutocracy appear in harmony with general social evolution, because corresponding with the analogous change in the economic sphere, a change from the age of free competition to an age of combination and monopoly; concentration of power having become, if not a necessity, at least a leading fact in economics, we are not surprised to find an analogous concentration of power in politics. And this all the more because what is called the economic interpretation of history, especially in the softened form given us by Professor Seligman, is a common article in the new social creed. And to clench the matter we have men of science telling us that the three watchwords of democracy, namely, liberty, equality, and fraternity, are contradictory and absurd. The sociology of the Naturalists, using the methods of biology, gives us a very different triad for the perfecting of life,—first, the struggle for existence; secondly, differentiation, and thirdly, heredity; the weak must be eliminated, organs must be specialized, characters must be inherited; whereas the unscientific respect of democracy for human personality and universal equality flatly contradicts the conditions needed for the health of these great organisms, our modern societies; and such of them, therefore, who accept democracy, will pay the penalty for resisting nature, the bitter penalty of paralysis and effacement.[2]

[1] *Democracy*, I, p. 5945.

[2] C. Bouglé: *La Démocratie devant la Science*, Paris, 1904, pp. 15–20.

Finally the arguments in defence of democracy only make matters worse. One form of defence admits that modern democracy is failing, but simply because it is a half truth and a transition to social democracy or collectivism, which is the whole truth. This is the scarcely veiled argument of Mr. Ghent's *Benevolent Feudalism*, who betrays his mind when he praises socialist writers for "lucidity of thought" and "definiteness of expression" (p. 133). But this line of defence can be dismissed as a *reductio ad absurdum*. It is only needful to refer to sundry valid confutations of Socialism, like that by Dr. Victor Cathrein in the new fourth edition of his classical *Moralphilosophie;* indeed the subject has recently been admirably treated in this very monthly; and the enemies of democracy could wish no better than to prove it a mere ante-chamber of socialism.

But if we turn to those defenders of democracy who are not socialists, and examine two of the most accomplished and modern, M. Ostrogorski and Professor Bouglé, the case is no better. M. Ostrogorski, having shown at length the weak points of British and American democracy, gives us his methods of reformation. Parties are to cease: special leagues are to take their place, mere special and temporary combinations of citizens for special and temporary political purposes. No candidate is to be eligible unless introduced by a group of electors; and he must gain sufficient votes at a preliminary poll to be a candidate at the second and definite election. From this reorganization of universal suffrage, this happy electoral contrivance, great results are to be the issue: a free union of wills liberated from party tyranny, a real government of discussion, the moral standard raised both of rulers and ruled, temptation removed, responsibility stimulated. Democracy (he tells us) is the régime of free reason; if there is a crisis in it, this is only a special aspect of the general moral crisis which is trying to substitute a rational for a theological and conventional basis. Democracy, in order to work, requires a moral reform. We must have not merely a *habeas corpus* as a security for liberty, but a *habeas animum*; no mere legal enactment can dissolve permanent parties, hinder a party pursuit of power, or compel electors to display public spirit; we need independence of mind and spontaneous vigilant energy to carry on this govern-

ment of free reason. It is as likely as not that we may fail; still —and with this heroic appeal M. Ostrogorski concludes his vast work—"at the voice of conscience which calls to duty (let) each contribute his personal efforts . . . for building the walls of the free democratic city, the supreme refuge of human dignity."[3]

But this defence appears to involve us in a contradiction. Democracy is depicted as the régime of free reason. Now free reason is no new thing; we can read of its growth and development in Dr. Willmann's great philosophical work, *Geschichte des Idealismus*, how it prevailed in Ionia 400 years B. C., was the gospel of the Athenian Sophists, was what Plato set himself to refute, and was to be seen in fresh blossom in the eighteenth century, the age of Voltaire and Rousseau. Free reason adopts one method of reaching truth, namely dialectic or explicit reasoning, to the exclusion of others, of intuition, of implicit reasoning, of tradition, of revelation; and thus irrationally argues away the foundations of truth, sees no personal God, no essential distinction between good and evil, no eternal moral law: can give no valid reason for obedience to parents, reverence for age, honor to women, respect for children, restraint in literature, modesty in art, true patriotism, devoted self-sacrifice. In our own time we see its issue in the ethics of Nietzsche and Mæterlink, the novels of Zola, and the art of *die Jungen* in Germany, who seek to outdo the French in the pitiless exposure of *la bête humaine*. When therefore M. Ostrogorski tells us of conscience, duty, dignity, sense of responsibility, removal of temptation, he quits the régime of free reason, brings back the Churches at which he has scoffed, and adopts the very theological and conventional basis which he has rejected. Responsibility implies a Being above us to whom we are responsible; temptations imply free will that can resist; our dignity implies our soul made in the image and likeness of God; duty and conscience imply an eternal law of right and wrong, and eternal law implies an eternal Lawgiver. All these truths we know most surely and most reasonably; but not if we are under the yoke of rationalism, not if we assent to the impious assumption that man is the measure of all things.

[3] *Democracy*, II, p. 740–741.

Equally untenable is the defence of democracy by M. Bouglé, the brilliant Professor of Social Philosophy at the University of Toulouse. Patiently indeed and exhaustively he goes through the arguments, already given in brief, that the voice of science is fatal to democracy. These arguments he shows, and being well versed in modern physical science can show conclusively, are the result partly of exaggeration, partly of false analogy. He has done an admirable piece of work for which the lovers and defenders of true democracy can scarely be too grateful. Nevertheless it is only one particular line of attack that he has cut off; against all the others, the historical, economic, and political arguments that point to the failure of democracy, his line of defence will avail us nothing. It is as follows. Let us observe social nature just as impartially as we observe physical nature, and then, just as the scientific knowledge of physical nature has given us medicine and health, so the scientific knowledge of social nature will give us sound rules of practice for what is healthful for societies. This scientific morality, founded not on biology but on sociology, and as yet unpublished, will solve our difficulties. We must wait indeed for observations to be made and laws formulated. And even when we have acquired our scientific morality, we shall need, as we need now, for practical action, two aspirations of the soul, the social spirit and the individualist spirit; the synthesis of these two forming the essence of the spirit of modern equality. This is the double fire that democracy must nourish, principally by the spread of culture; so that men may understand each other, understand the super-sensual life, transcend nature, aid each other to rise, and join in preparing a city of justice.[4]

But then, *first*, Professor Bouglé falls into the very same false analogy from physics against which through nearly the whole of his book he has fought so gallantly. To observe "social nature" in the same way as physical nature, is to act on a false method and attempt the impossible. The exploded absurdities of "orthodox" political economy were in part the fruits of this very method. One beetle is most truly like another beetle, but not one carpenter like another carpenter; we can sample silks, not souls; we can observe without desire or emotion a colony of

[4] *La Démocratie devant la Science*, p. 295–302.

ants; not without desire or emotion a colony of men. Again, physics can give rules for bodily health, an end which is definite and on which we are agreed; but it is a false analogy to say sociology can give rules on social health, an end which is indefinite and on which we are not agreed. *Secondly*, to bid us wait till sociology has been constructed is too severe a strain on human patience, especially in a world filled with the ruins of recent sociological edifices, from those of Hegel and Comte to the tottering work of Mr. Benjamin Kidd and Mr. E. A. Ross. *Thirdly*, it is unusual, outside *Alice in Wonderland*, to have sentence first and trial afterwards. If a valid sociology were at last constructed, how can we tell that its judgment would be favorable to democracy, and not rather adverse? *Fourthly*, Professor Bouglé's main argument drops sociology and science altogether, and assumes that we can rise, and ought to rise, from the natural to a spiritual life, that we can recognize aspirations of souls, aim at high ideals, seek after justice. But then he cuts away the ground of these lofty ideals, because he will not hear of religious dogma, or rest his spiritual life on the existence of God. His idealism, not being a link between the finite and the infinite, between man and God, hangs loose and falls at a touch. He cannot answer the new Sophist who repeats after the Athenians that justice is what the law courts declare to be just, and that an unjust law (benighted theology apart) is a contradiction in terms. Nor can he answer his critics who exclaim (p. 6): "If we have quitted the cathedrals, it is not to take shelter in your house of cards." To the cynical statement that human life is concentrated in a few—*humanum paucis vivit genus*—he is debarred from making the only valid reply; the millionaire having got rid of the fear of God, is not to be frightened into democratic equality by the dogmas of an infidel; the man of letters having lost the notion of the love of God is not to be allured by M. Bouglé's mystical rhetoric into the love of humanity—frail erring humanity, nay, to the eye unlit by faith, mostly unwashed, uncultured, and repulsive.

So this able writer, no more than M. Ostrogorski, can save the cause of democracy. Nor will anyone, I think, in these days appeal to M. Bouglé's own country, France, when confronted with the pitiless statistics of her births and deaths, the ravages

of alcoholism, the decay of her political strength, the tyranny of her multitudinous officials, and a government visibly not of the people but of an organized minority with the spoils of office firmly grasped in its hands and the popular liberties trampled under its feet. The example no more than the writings of France can help us.

But I must not stop at this point and leave my readers with the melancholy conclusion of failure. Rather let me show, as far as it can be shown in a few lines, the way to a brighter outlook; and recall the connected facts that modern democracy presupposes Christian principles, is threatened with ruin by forsaking them, can find security by returning to them. Ancient democracy was of a different mould: at Athens, at Corinth, or in the Rome of the Republic the free citizens were outnumbered by the aliens and the slaves. The newer conception is that all permanent inhabitants are to be citizens, all citizens equal before the law, offices in general open to all, no exclusion of great masses from political rights. Now the principles on which this conception rests are the principles of Christianity. Not that Christianity does not recognize inequalities, alike physical, mental, and legal; the very organic nature of society needing unequal components. But yet underlying all these inequalities and diversities she proclaims the essential unity and equality of men, no wall of separation between Greek and barbarian, between Scythian and Jew, but all alike brothers in Christ, all children of God, all with the same origin, the same problems to face, the same end to reach. The "people," as we understand the word, was first created by Christianity. The barriers of caste, of rank, of nationality, of esotericism were broken down. So Clement of Alexandria could say: "He who is one of us can be a philosopher though he cannot write;" Chrysostom could exclaim: "The cross has raised all our peasants to be philosophers;"[5] while ten thousand martyrs secured the *habeas animum* which to-day is declared a necessary condition for democracy. And no sooner was Christianity free from persecution than we find Christian bishops entrusted with vast powers recognized by law, and common workmen raised to this lofty

[5] Willmann, *Idealismus*, II, p. 61.

rank, like the weaver Zeno or the shepherd Spiridion;[6] and no wonder, considering the emphatic honor that Christianity had ever paid to manual labor,[7] the emphatic reference to her Founder as a poor Carpenter, and to her first Apostles a group of workmen. And after the barbarian invasions the renewal came once more of order and civilization; we see the wonderful picture of mediæval liberties, from great republics like those of Venice and Genoa, Lübeck and Nuremberg, to the villages of England, each of which formed in the fifteenth century a republic in miniature, with parish-church and church-house, common lands and common officers, local courts, local guilds, coöperation and mutual insurance. And the same feature persisted of the highest offices being accessible to the poorest through the open door of the clergy; a peasant could become an abbot and thus sit as a peer in the House of Lords; nay, could rise, as Hildebrand or Adrian rose, to the See of Peter itself.

Modern historical researches, like those of Janssen and Gasquet, have dissipated the error that the Renaissance and the Reformation were in favor of popular liberties; on the contrary the position of the vast mass of the population of Europe was lowered almost *pari passu* with the decline in the power of the Church; and Leo XIII was historically justified when he wrote in the Encyclical *Immortale Dei*[8] as follows: "The monuments of past ages bear witness to the truth that those laws and constitutions which are of the greatest value for the common welfare, those which bridle the license of ill-ruling princes, which forbid the central government to meddle at every turn in local business and private life, which secure due respect to human personality and due equality of all before the law—of all these the Catholic Church has ever been the author, or helper, or guardian."

Indeed, it is not to the American, still less to the French Revolution that we owe the principles of liberty, fraternity, and equality. To be reasonable, these principles must be based on Christianity and interpreted by Christianity; and lest I speak in the air, let me point out the place where they, and modern

[6] Allard, *Julien l'Apostat*, Bk. II, Ch. I.

[7] Id. *Les Esclaves Chrétiens.*

[8] *Vers. fin.*

democracy with them, can find a sure foundation and a reasonable interpretation. This place or *locum classicum* comprises the four great political-social Encyclicals of Leo XIII, namely (1) *Arcanum Divinae*, of February, 1880, on Christian Marriage; (2) *Immortale Dei*, of November, 1885, on the Christian State; (3) *Libertas praestantissimum*, of June, 1888, on Human Liberty; and (4) *Rerum Novarum*, of May, 1891, on the Condition of Workmen.

These four documents are the Magna Charta of genuine democracy. Let us listen to the first and make an end of godlessness in our homes, of godlessness in our schools, of unchristian family life; and then the spectre of depopulation that threatens so many of the American States and the Province of Ontario; that threatens Australia and even New Zealand, the bright star among democracies; that threatens France, nay, is grasping her by the throat—this fell spectre will lose its force and fade away. Let us listen to the second and third of these Encyclicals and make an end of the godless State, of unchristian legislation, recognizing in time the nature of true liberty, the religious foundation of all authority, the limitation of all human power; and then a bright future will be unfolded for honest and permanent democracy. Let us listen to the Labor Encyclical (as *Rerum Novarum* is sometimes called), and the way will be found toward social peace: all the better aspirations of socialism and its passionate cry for justice, will, as far as human imperfection allows, be heard and answered; all the efforts of modern philanthropy, such as boards of arbitration, conciliation, American or British Institutes of social service, or the works so well described in Mr. Joseph Lee's *Constructive and Preventive Philanthropy* (New York, 1902); and again all the efforts of workmen's associations, trade unions, labor leagues, and the many forms of coöperation—all these will be given a solid foundation that they now mostly lack and be raised to a level that mostly they cannot now attain, the high level of Christian brotherhood and charity. Church and State, individuals and societies, all ranks, orders, occupations, intellects, will join in the good work of social reform; and every increase of individual or corporate wealth will involve as a matter of course an increase of individual or corporate responsibility.

Let us then be under no sort of delusion. Popular institutions and government, if they are to be beneficent and secure, must rest on religion. *In Christo salus:* we must build our political and social renovation on Christianity, and hearken to Pius X reiterating the words of St. Paul: other foundation no man can lay.[9] If a tree is felled full of sap in spring-tide, though it is fallen its young buds unfold, and the boughs seem covered with green leaves. So in a society long rooted in Christianity, when the Christian dogmas are first cut off, there may be an abundant display of the Christian spirit. But the sap, once dried up, finds no renewal. A pagan philosophy issues sooner or later in a pagan spirit: for the only true fraternity is under the shadow of the Cross.

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AN OLD MYSTERY PLAY FOR CHRISTMAS.

SPECIMENS OF MIDDLE ENGLISH.

MENTION has already been made in these pages of the success which has attended the labors of scholars within the last century in bringing to light the long-neglected treasures of Middle English literature. In Germany and France, Italy and Spain, the Romantic Movement, as it was called, has familiarized the people with the contents of "many a quaint and curious volume" of their forefathers. In England this movement was for a long time restricted to the secular productions of mediæval writers, especially the ballads and romances which found great favor among the people. But toward the latter part of the past century attention was directed to the religious productions, such as plays, hymns, and legends, and a goodly number of scholars have entered with untiring zeal and infinite patience upon the task of editing these old manuscripts. Thanks to their diligence, much of the religious literature of the past is made accessible. It may be hoped that, in the course of time, not only the student of literature, but our people, will become more and more familiar with

[9] See the Encyclical of October, 1903, printed in THE DOLPHIN of November.

these treasures of healthy reading which, owing to the so-called Reformation which saw in them only reminders of the old faith, were consigned to utter oblivion. THE DOLPHIN will continue to publish some of the best specimens of Middle English of a religious character, with a view of awakening and fostering a wholesome appreciation of our Catholic English patrimony.

The following Mystery Play of the Nativity is taken from the York Mystery Plays, edited from the Ashburnham manuscripts by Lucy Toulmin Smith. This work is truly monumental and shows a vast amount of the most painstaking labor. The study of such works reveals the true spirit of pre-Reformation England more than volumes of history, since they lay bare the popular mind which indicates the true genius of an age.

I gladly avail myself of this opportunity to acknowledge my indebtedness to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, for their courtesy in extending to THE DOLPHIN the privilege of reproducing the text of this charming example of the York Mystery Plays, dealing with the Birth of Christ.

The modernized version adheres as closely as possible to the original text. When it is deemed necessary, explanatory side-notes are added. In this way, the version serves not only to familiarize the reader with the contents of the great and long-buried treasures of our religious literature of the past, but the simplicity and quaintness of style which constitute so essential a feature of mediæval art, are, to some extent, preserved intact.

The various Mystery Plays were performed by different guilds of craftsmen. The following bears the title of the Tille-Thekers, or Tile-Thatchers.

H. B.

THE TILLE THEKERS.

The Journey to Bethlehem; the Birth of Jesus.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

JOSEPH. MARIA.

[SCENE I.—*Bethlehem, a cattle shed.*]

1. **JOS.** All weldand God in Trinite,
I praye þe, lord, for thy grete myght,
Vnto thy simple seruand see,
Here in þis place wher we are pight,
oure self allone;
Lord graunte vs gode herberow þis nyght
within þis wone.

2. For we haue sought both vppe and doune,
Thurgh diuerse stretis in þis cite,
So mekill pepull is comen to towne,
Þat we can nowhare herbered be,
þer is slike prees;
For suthe I can no socoure see,
but belde vs with þere bestes.

3. And yf we here all nyght abide,
We shall he stormed in þis steede;
Þe walles are doune on ilke a side,
Þe ruffe is rayned aboven oure hede,
als haue I roo,
Say, Marie doughtir, what is thy rede?
How sall we do?

4. For in grete nede nowe are we stedde,
As þou thy selffe the soth may see,
For here is nowthir cloth ne bedde,
And we are weyke and all werie,
and fayne wolde rest.
Now, gracious God, for thy mercie!
wisse vs þe best.

THE TILE THATCHERS.

The Journey to Bethlehem; the Birth of Jesus.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

JOSEPH. MARIA.

[SCENE I.—*Bethlehem, a cattle shed.*]

1. JOS. All-wielding God in Trinity,
I pray thee, Lord, for thy great might,
Unto thy simple servant see,
Here in this place where we are pight,[1]
Ourselves alone;
Lord, grant us good harbor[2] this night
Within this wone.[3]

2. For we have sought both up and down,
Through divers streets in this city,
So mickle people is come to town,
That we can nowhere harbored be,
There is such press;
Forsooth I can no succour see,
But build us with these beasts.

3. And if we here all night abide,
We shall be stormèd in this stead;[4]
The walls are down on every side,
The roof is rained above our head,
And have I roo,[5]
Say, Mary daughter, what is thy rede?[6]
How shall we do?

4. For in great need now are westead,[7]
As thou thyself the sooth mayst see,
For here is neither cloth nor bed,
And we are weak and all weary,
And fain would rest.
Now, Gracious God, for Thy mercy!
Show us the best.

[1] old form of pitched.

[2] herbergh lodging, shelter, lit. army-shelter, composed of here = army, and bergh or burg, borough.

[3] dwelling.

[4] place.

[5] rest.

[6] counsel.

[7] placed.

5. **Mar.** God will vs wisse, full wele witt ȝe,
Þer-fore, Joseph, be of gud chere,
For in þis place borne will he be
Þat sall vs saue fro sorowes sere,
boþe even and morne.
Sir, witte ȝe wele þe tyme is nere,
hee will be borne.

6. **Jos.** Þan behoves vs bide here stille,
Here in þis same place all þis nyght.
Mar. ȝa, sir, forsuth it is Goddis will.
Jos. Þan wolde I fayne we had sum light,
what so befall.
It waxis right myrke vnto my sight,
and colde withall.

7. I will go gete vs light for-thy,
And fewell fande with me to bryng.
[*Goes out.*

Mar. All weldand God yow gouerne and gy,
As he is sufferayne of all thyng
fo[r] his grete myght,
And lende me grace to his louyng
Þat I me dight.

8. Nowe in my sawle grete ioie haue I,
I am all cladde in comforte clere,
Now will be borne of my body
Both God and man to-gedir in feere.
Blis mott he be!
Jesus! my son þat is so dere,
nowe borne is he.
[*Mary worships the Child.*

9. Hayle my lord God! hayle prince of pees!
Hayle my fadir, and hayle my sone!
Hayle souereyne sege all synnes to sesse!
Hayle God and man in erth to wonne!
Hayle! thurgh whos myht
All þis worlde was first be-gonne,
merknes and light.

5. **Mar.** God will us show, full well wit ye,
Therefore, Joseph, be of good cheer,
For in this place born will He be
That shall us save from sorrows sere[8]
Both even and morn.
Sir, wit ye well the time is near,
He will be born.

[8] several.

6. **Jos.** Then (it) behoves us bide here still,
Here in this same place all the night.
Mar. Yea, sir, forsooth it is God's will.
Jos. Then would I fain we had some light,
Whatso befall.
It waxes right mirk unto my sight,
And cold withal.

7. I will go get us light forthy[9]
And fuel try[10] with me to bring.
[*Goes out.*

[9] therefore.
[10] try to get some fuel.

Mar. Almighty God, you govern and guide[11]
As he is Sovereign of all thing
For his great might,
And lend me grace to his loving
That I me dight.[12]

[11] gy from O. F. guier, to guide.
[12] get ready.

8. Now in my soul great joy have I,
I am all clad in comfort clear,
Now will be born of my body
Both God and man together in feer.[13]
Blest mote he be.
Jesu! my son that is so dear,
Now born is he.
[*Mary worships the Child.*

[13] company.

9. Hail, my Lord God! hail Prince of Peace!
Hail my Father, and hail my Son!
Hail Sovereign One[14] all sins to cease!
Hail God and man in Earth to wone![15]
Hail through whose might
All this world was first begun,
Mirkness[16] and light.

[14] *sege*, man, individual, one.
[15] *wone* or *wonne*, dwell.
[16] mirkness, darkness; God Creator both of the Light and the void that was before.

10. Sone, as I am sympill sugett of thyne,
Vowchesaffe, swete sone I pray þe,
That I myght þe take in þe[r] armys of myne,
And in þis poure wede to arraie þe;
Graunte me þi blisse!
And I am thy modir chosen to be
in sothfastnesse.

[SCENE II.—*Joseph outside the shed.*]

11. **Jos.** A! lorde, what the wedir is colde!
Þe fellest freese þat euere I felyd,
I pray God helpe þam þat is alde,
And namely þam þat is vnwelde,
so may I saie.
Now, gud God þou be my belde,
as þou best may.
[*A sudden light shines.*

12. A! lord God! what light is þis
Þat comes shynyng þus sodenly?
I can not saie, als haue I blisse;
When I come home vn-to Marie
þan sall I spirre.
A! here be god, for nowe come I.
[*Reënters the shed.*

[SCENE III.—*Interior of the shed, as before.*]

Mar. ȝe ar welcum sirre.

13. **Jos.** Say, Marie doghtir, what chere with þe?
Mar. Right goode, Joseph, as has been ay.
Jos. O Marie! what swete thyng is þhat on thy kne?
Mar. It is my sone, þe soth to saye,
þat is so gud.
Jos. Wele is me I bade þis day
to se þis foode!

14. Me merueles mekill of þis light
Þat þus-gates shynes in þis place,
For suth it is a selcouth sight!
Mar. þis hase he ordand of his grace,
my sone so ȝing,
A starne to be schynyng a space
at his bering.

10. Son, as I am simple subject of thine,
Vouchsafe, sweet Son, I pray thee,
That I might thee take in these arms of mine,
And in this poor weed[17] to array thee;
Grant me thy bliss;
As I am thy mother chosen to be
In sooth fastness.

[17] clothes weeds.

[SCENE II.—*Joseph outside the shed.*]

11. **Jos.** Ah, Lord, what the weather is cold!
The fellest freeze that ever I felt;
I pray God help them that are old,
And namely them that are unwield[18]
So may I say.
Now good God thou be my build,[19]
As thou best may.

[18] infirm, unwieldy from old age.

[19] support.

[*A sudden light shines.*

12. Ah, Lord God, what light is this
That comes shining thus suddenly?
I cannot say, as have I bliss;
When I come home unto Mary
Then shall I speir.[20]
Ah, here be God, for now come I.

[20] ask, cf. Sect. gang and speir, go and find out.

[*Reënters the shed.*

[SCENE III.—*Interior of the shed, as before.*]

Mar. Ye are welcome, sir.

13. **Jos.** Say, Mary daughter, what cheer with thee?
Mar. Right good, Joseph, as has been aye.,
Jos. O Mary, what sweet thing is that on thy knee?
Mar. It is my Son, the sooth to say,
That is so good.
Jos. Well is me I bade this day
To see this food!

14. Me marvels mickle at this light
That in such wise shines in this place
Forsooth it is a selcouth[21] sight!
Mar. This has he ordained of his grace,
My son so young,
A star to be shining a space
At his bearing.[22]

[21] comp. of sel in seldom and couth = known, uncouth, unknown, selcouth = seldom known.

[22] birth.

15. For Balam tolde ful longe be-forne
How þat a sterne shulde rise full hye,
And of a maiden shulde be borne
A sonne þat sall oure saffyng be
fro caris kene.
For suth it is my sone so free,
be whame Balam gon meene.

16. **Jos.** Nowe welcome, floure fairest of hewe,
I shall þe menske with mayne and myght.
Hayle! my maker, hayle Crist Jesu!
Hayle! riall kyng, roote of all right!
Hayle! saueour.
Hayle, my lorde, lemer of light,
Hayle, blessid floure!

17. **Mar.** Nowe lord! þat all þis worlde schall wynne,
To þe my sone is þat I saye,
Here is no bedde to laye the inne,
Þerfore my dere sone, I þe praye
sen it is soo,
Here in þis cribbe I myght þe lay
betwene þer bestis two.

18. And I shall happe þe, myn owne dere childe,
With such clothes as we haue here.
Jos. O Marie! beholde þes beestis mylde,
They make louyng in ther manere
as þei wer men.
For-sothe it semes wele be ther chere
þare lord þei ken.

19. **Mar.** Ther lorde þai kenne, þat wate I wele,
They worshippe hym with myght and mayne;
The wedir is colde, as ye may feele,
To halde hym warme þei are full fayne
with þare warme breth,
And oondis on hym, is noght to layne
to warm hym with.

15. For Balam told full long before
How that a star should rise full high,
And of a Maiden should be born
A Son that shall our saving be
From cares keen.
Forsooth it is my Son so free,
By whom Balam gan[23] mean.

[23] did.

16. **Jos.** Now welcome, Flower fairest of hue,
I shall thee worship with main and might.
Hail my Maker, hail Christ Jesu!
Hail, royal King, root of all right!
Hail, Saviour.
Hail, my Lord, Shedder of light,
Hail, Blessed Flower!

17. **Mar.** Now, Lord, that all this world shalt win,
To thee, my Son, is that I say,
Here is no bed to lay thee in,
Therefore, my dear Son, I thee pray,
Since it is so,
Here in this crib I might thee lay,
Between these beasties[24] two.

[24] diminutive form.

18. And I shall wrap thee, my own dear Child,
With such clothes as we have here.
Jos. O Mary, behold these beasties mild,
They make loving in their mannèr,
As[25] they were men.
Forsooth it seems well by their cheer
Their Lord they ken.[26]

[25] as if.
[26] know.

19. **Mar.** Their Lord they ken, that wot I well,
They worship him with might and main;
The weather is cold, as ye may feel,
To hold him warm they are full fain
With their warm breath,
And breathe upon him; is nought to lay[27]
To warm him with?

[27] cover.

20. O ! nowe slepis my sone, blist mot he be,
And lyes full warme þer bestis by-twene.
Jos. O nowe is fulfilled, for-suth I see,
Þat Abacuc in mynde gon mene
and preched by prophicie.
He saide oure sauyoure shall be sene
betwene bestis lye ;

21. And nowe I see þe same in sight.
Mar. ȝa ! sir, for-suth þe same is he.
Jos. Honnoure and worshippe both day and nyght
Ay-lastand lorde, be done to þe,
all way as is worthy,
And, lord, to thy seruice I oblissh me,
with all myn herte holy.

22. **Mar.** Þou mercyfull maker, most myghty,
My God, my lorde, my sone so free,
Thy hande-mayden for soth am I,
And to thi seruice I oblissh me,
with all myn herte entere.
Thy blissing, beseke I thee,
þou graunte vs all in feere.

20. Oh, now sleeps my Son, blest mote he be,
And lies full warm these beasties between.
Jos. Oh, now is fulfilled, forsooth I see,
That Habacuc in mind gan mean
And preached by prophecy.
He said our Saviour shall be seen
Between beasties lie.

21. And now I see the same in sight.
Mar. Yea, sir, forsooth the same is he.
Jos. Honor and worship both day and night
Aye-lasting Lord, be done to thee,
Alway as is worthy;
And, Lord, to thy service I oblige me
With all mine heart wholly.

22. **Mar.** Thou Merciful Maker, most mighty,
My God, my Lord, my Son so free,
Thy handmaiden forsooth am I,
And to thy service I oblige me,
With all mine heart entire.
Thy blessing, beseech I thee,
Thou grant us all in feer.[28]

[28] together in company.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

Part IV.—The Ransom of a Soul.

Chapter XIV.—How a Battle is Lost.

AT the close of the school year 1858–59, I completed my course at Saint-Irénée, where I had been for five years. I had taken my two degrees, bachelor of arts and bachelor of science, and as I had barely entered my eighteenth year, it would have been easy for me to gain admission to the government schools. Charles, who had just been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in recognition of his gallant services on the battlefield of Magenta, would have liked to have me enter the army. This career had, indeed, been marked out for me by several of my family, first of all by my father. I admired, and do still admire our army, which is necessary for the defence of the country, and of society, and I have always—thank God!—been ready to take up arms and join the ranks of our soldiers when the honor or independence of our fair land was menaced. Yes, I fervently love and admire our gallant army, and I share the indignation of all loyal Frenchmen at the monstrous conspiracy, hatched by Freemasonry and kept alive by foreign gold, whose object was the destruction of our military institutions. But if in those days, as now, I loved the army, garrison life, the life of the soldier in time of peace, had no attractions for me.

Marguerite would have liked to have me at home, supervising the cultivation of our land and managing our little patrimony, which, with some trifling exceptions, consisted of Mesnil and the Hutterie, about two hundred and twenty acres in all.

That would have been all very well as long as there were only we two, but when I should attain to manhood and have a family of my own to support, how was I to keep up an establishment and suitably educate my children—especially if they should be numerous—with suuh limited sources? I was urged by necessity to strike out for myself, and to do this I must leave Anjou, at least for a time.

Marguerite realized the force of these arguments, but she was very apprehensive concerning the welfare of my soul when she

thought of my having to live alone so far away from her, as she considered that I was too young to be left to my own devices; nevertheless, she resigned herself to the separation as inevitable, and made no attempt to alter my decision. So it was agreed that on All Saints' Day that same year, 1859, I should take up my abode in Paris, and commence my law studies. I had not, as yet, any precise idea as to what I should do later on, but a knowledge of the law was useful in many occupations, and I considered it wise to prepare myself by this preliminary study, since it might assist me to more than one opening. To tell the truth, I was ambitious,—who is not at seventeen?—and I had thoughts of entering public life and making a name for myself. In imagination I already saw myself mount the rostrum, always, be it understood, to champion the cause of right and justice, and take an active part in the direction of public affairs.

My sister busied herself, during the last days of vacation, in preparing my student's outfit. She insisted on going with me to Paris, so that she might introduce me to certain families of note, whose acquaintance would be most desirable for me, and who had been interested in my behalf by common friends. She was particularly glad of the opportunity of taking me to see the Abbé Hermant, the well-known apostle of youth.

The servant of God was at that time nearing the end of his holy and useful life, but he still employed his remaining strength in the service of souls. He promised to have me come and see him and to take special interest in my welfare. This was a great relief to Marguerite, and made her more reconciled to our separation.

Charles wished to share with her my expenses, and it was agreed that each of them should send me eighty francs a month. This modest allowance of a hundred and sixty francs was ample for the necessities and even some of the comforts of life, but it was too limited to admit of my indulging in any extravagance or maintaining any relations incompatible with a studious and regular life. It was very wise to give me only a small amount of money at a time. This precaution saves a young man from many dangers.

The summer which preceded my departure was a very lively

one for us. Charles and Lucie spent September at the Hutterie with their six children. There were Jeanne, who was now a big girl, eight years old; Madeleine, just six; the two boys, Hippolyte and Charles, five and four years old, and lastly Clara and Louise, the little twins, who had spun out but twenty-six months of their lives.

As I have said before, my sister-in-law was a most loving wife and tender mother; but her good nature too often made her over-indulgent, and because of this serious shortcoming, she was unfit to bring up her children properly. Being truly humble, she felt this herself, and saw clearly in what respect she was lacking, and so she had some time before asked Charles to confide the governing of the children to firmer hands than hers. He had willingly agreed, for he feared that much harm would result from his wife's habit of yielding.

Providentially, they succeeded in finding the right person. Abbé Lefort, whom my brother consulted on the subject, recommended a young woman of twenty-five, very intelligent and refined, with good common sense and great firmness of character. Mademoiselle Dupont had been forced by recent reverses to work for the support of herself and her mother. She seemed made to supply what Lucie lacked. She was engaged upon Abbé Lefort's recommendation, and entered upon her duties in my brother's family just at the time when they were starting for Anjou, so she spent the vacation with us at the Hutterie. It was high time that some sort of discipline be established in the family, for the two oldest children, Jeanne and Madeleine, were already in a fair way to become unbearable. Their sensible governess, I am thankful to say, was able to exert the right influence over their characters, which were difficult to control, though they had many fine traits. Mademoiselle Dupont also took charge of the two boys, teaching them until they started at Saint-Irénée. This was the state of the family affairs when I left home to begin my law studies in Paris.

Marguerite and I left the Hutterie early in the morning on the second of November. We went to Angers, where we took the train for Paris, arriving at five o'clock in the afternoon.

I was still simple-minded and ingenuous, and it was a real de-

light to have my sister go with me and superintend all the arrangements for my new mode of life. I was so proud to give her my arm, and show her about that beautiful Paris, which she had never visited before! But those happy days did not last long, for at the end of a week Marguerite returned to Anjou. She established me in a small apartment in the Rue du Bac. There was one quite large room, which served as bedroom and parlor, and another small one where a bed could be put in an emergency, and where I could prepare an impromptu meal. I was to get my own breakfast in the morning, and my other meals I took at a boarding-house which was only frequented by students of good repute.

Before leaving, my sister made a point of going with me to see Abbé Hermant, who lived in the Rue de Tournon, Quartier Saint-Sulpice. The good priest received us with that grave, serene cordiality, the fruit of genuine charity and perfect courtesy, which seemed to me the natural outward expression of his virtues. He talked with both of us, and when we took leave he said, aside, to me, "Thank God always for having given you such a sister." He urged me to come again and see him, and mentioned the hours when I would be sure to find him at home, and before we left he gave us his blessing.

The visit to Abbé Hermant made a deep impression upon us, and we felt as if we had been conversing with a Saint. "How glad I am," said Marguerite, "that a priest of such piety and experience will be your director."

That same evening I took Marguerite to the station, and the hot tears coursed freely down my cheeks as I kissed her good-bye. I was unconscious of the observation of the by-standers, for at that time I did not know what human respect was. As the train bearing her home to Anjou disappeared, a shudder passed over me. I felt as if I were all alone in the world. I was parting from my visible angel.

Until the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December the eighth, everything went well. I set to work in earnest, and faithfully attended the lectures at the law-school. Sunday afternoon I spent at the "patronage" of my parish, teaching and entertaining a number of young working boys who were placed in my charge. I took the keenest interest in this work. The boys confided in

me and seemed to like me, and I was very fond of them, too, interesting myself in their affairs and looking out for their future. They played an important part in my life, so much so that all the week I was thinking of my Sunday occupation. I prayed for them and tried to be better myself, so as to set them a good example. On Monday evening I went to the meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference, of which the patronage was an offshoot. There I made a report of the progress of my work and of the needs of the poor families whom it was my business to visit. I was much benefited by the example and the conversation of the older men, who had founded works of charity in Paris at the expense of great difficulty and labor, and who gave us young ones the advantage of their experience. These meetings were of great advantage to me. The older men, on their part, encouraged my zeal, and predicted that I would eventually be a leader in all these enterprises, and this made me very proud.[1]

On Thursday afternoon I generally went into the country with some of the students of my own age who were practical Catholics, and who, at the suggestion of Abbé Hermant, invited me to join them.

[1] In passing let it be said that those people are very much mistaken who imagine that Catholic Charities, having for their object the improvement, spiritual and temporal, of the laboring man, have existed only in the last thirty years. To be sure, much has been done since 1870, but let us take care not to be unjust to those who have gone before us. Most of the charities of the present day existed formerly in embryo in the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences. The members of that society did not confine themselves to the relief of the bodily wants of the poor. A net-work of different charities spread from the Conference in each parish. The Association of the Holy Family gathered together every Sunday the father, mother and children of each family receiving assistance from the Conference. The young people were enabled at the "patronage," as it was called, to observe Sunday strictly and yet agreeably. In a word, the St. Vincent de Paul Society (and this, indeed, was the object of their institute) sought to sanctify their souls by practising Christian charity in many different forms and by various means. What they accomplished is not appreciated in certain quarters at the present day.

"Nowadays," the director of a certain Charity said to me not long ago, "we strive to win the young by means of the young. We make apostles of them. Formerly the plan was only to preserve and save them as individuals." Nothing could be more false. Let us give every one his due and say that the younger generation has developed with much zeal and earnestness the work begun by their elders, but at the same time let us admit that our elders set the example and pointed out the way.

In short, I was most fortunately situated, and if I had exercised even a small amount of energy and perseverance, and had resolutely followed the advice of my wise and saintly director, I would not now have to mourn the grave sin of my youth.

Every Saturday regularly I went to Abbé Hermant and confessed my faults, and received the Sacrament of Penance. He always received me with the greatest kindness, questioning me minutely as to how, where, and with whom I spent my time, and whether I was faithful to my prayers and other spiritual exercises. "As long as you pray faithfully and work diligently," he said, "you need fear nothing. Hell will be powerless to harm you. But as soon as you begin to relax perceptibly in either of these two things, your fall is not far off; you may rely upon that."

He knew that my mind was active to the point of insatiability, and that it was of the first importance for me to be constantly occupied. He brought it about that I formed profitable associations, and suggested useful and interesting reading and different questions for study. When I asked about going to the theatre, he consented to my going occasionally to see certain plays, but he warned me against certain others as very dangerous and made me promise never to go to them.

"Always be careful," he told me, "when you do go to the theatre, not to go in company with young men whose conduct and habits are not above suspicion. Never, under any circumstances, go behind the scenes. Refrain, too, from supper-parties and other gatherings to which you may be invited *after the play*. Go home at once, say your prayers, no matter how tired you may be, and take your night's rest.

"Shun as you would the plague bad books and novels which tend to soil the imagination and debase and sentimentalize the emotions.

"Finally, if you are so unfortunate as to fall into mortal sin, follow the example of the prodigal son. Arise at once, and come with a contrite heart, and seek absolution. If I am not here, go to some one else. Never contract the fatal habit of going to sleep with a mortal sin upon your conscience, for you will soon grow accustomed to it, and your salvation will thereby be imperilled, because the prick of remorse will no longer be felt. You will go

on living in that 'false peace' in which the fiend puts his victims to sleep. This peace, mark it well, is not that which God has promised to men of good-will."

For several weeks I was faithful in following out these directions, and the enemies of my welfare were powerless to harm me. I was too busy to have time to be tempted. But in the first part of December I began to give way to slothfulness and carelessness in my devotions.

Once in a while I would omit my prayers on the pretext of weariness or of being too busy. Soon I hardly ever said my morning prayers. The devil did not tempt me, be it understood, all at once to mortal sin; I would have shrunk from it with horror. He proceeded more skilfully. Knowing that my besetting sin was curiosity, the desire of knowing and seeing everything, he first tempted me in that direction. Little by little I began to be less strict in guarding my senses, my eyes, my ears and, in particular, my imagination. I read a few novels.

The first, without being immoral in tendency, drew me into an enervating and unwholesome atmosphere which by degrees debilitated the faculties of my soul, and gave rise to a distaste for work and a still greater distaste for prayer. Those works of charity which had before been so attractive to me now seemed a task which I only accomplished wearily and without any interest.

Soon my reading became more objectionable, and yet I continued in spite of the warnings of conscience. I devoured works of this sort whole mornings at a time, and, of course, my law-books meantime remained unopened; I hardly ever attended the lectures at the law-school, and certainly I did not hear them, for I was carried away by my imagination, which I now made very little effort to control.

About this time I experienced a great desire to see some of those plays against which my director had warned me. I heard other young men speak of them in admiring terms, and I was ashamed of not having seen them myself. Human respect made me dread being questioned on the subject or having my opinion asked. What could I say? How could I acknowledge my ignorance?

The much dreaded question was finally put to me by a young man, of very little brains, it is true, but who had a certain bravado about him and an air of knowing it all. This was all that was necessary to make him the ringleader of a certain set. Questioned in an unguarded moment, I replied in a constrained manner that "as yet" I had not seen the play.

"But, my dear fellow," the other rejoined, "where have you been? Why, all Paris has seen it! See here. Come and go with us this evening, and afterwards we will go and get supper with so-and-so and so-and-so."

The student who spoke, Léon Carleville by name, had a very bad reputation; that I knew very well. I also recalled the plain command of my director, "No plays of this description; no reunions after the theatre." I would have liked to refuse, but my imagination troubled me. "What will they say if I draw back? Carleville is quite capable of telling it around to everybody. What will they think of me?" Nevertheless I replied rather timidly that I could not go that evening, as I had some important work on hand.

My interlocutor burst into a laugh. "Really, my dear fellow, your retreat is not very skilful. You just told me a few minutes ago that you did not know what to do with yourself this evening. Why don't you say plainly," he added, sarcastically, "that Mama has forbidden you to go; it would be a little more honest. Well, some other time, my boy, when you have gotten rid of your nurse!"

My heart beat fast, and for the first time in my life I experienced a violent temptation from human respect. I did not resist it. The way to this defeat had been well prepared during the preceding few days, for I had almost entirely neglected my prayers.

"I have been forbidden, eh?" I cried, in as bold a manner as I could assume. "What do you take me for? Just to show you that I can do as I please just as well as you, I will go with you to-night."

"Good for you, old boy," said the other. "That sounds a little more like a man," and he held out his hand, which I took mechanically without another word, for I was already thoroughly ashamed of myself.

"It would be impossible to withdraw now," I said to myself, trying to allay the reproaches of my conscience, "but this is the first and last time that I will accept an invitation of that sort. If it is extended again, I will refuse it positively." And this assurance calmed my mind after a fashion.

More than once in the course of the day, urged by grace which reproached me for my cowardice, I was on the point of taking back the promise I had made. I commenced three notes to Carleville, in which I attempted to tell him that I had been taken suddenly ill, and therefore, much to my regret, was unable to be one of his party. Then I threw aside these shuffling excuses. "What's the use?" I thought. "Carleville would not believe me, and he would make game of me more than ever." For one minute I had a little courage. I resolved to take the bull by the horns, to go boldly to Carleville and tell him plainly, whether he was alone, or in the presence of others, "My friend, I was a coward this morning to accept your invitation in spite of the disapproval of my conscience. I beg that you will not count on me for to-night."

This is how a resolute and energetic person, fortified by prayer and penetrated with the spirit of faith, would have acted. Some people think that it is always desirable to avoid a scene. Even so, it is always possible, when one has been guilty of a momentary weakness, to retract by means of a polite but firm note, and then to be ready when occasion offers to cut short all complaints and taunts by a plain statement of the principles at stake, thus preventing any further advance. It is highly probable that such a plan of action will ensure one's being left in peace thereafter. A young man who is quiet and determined is seldom tormented.

I once knew an officer in the artillery, distinguished as much for his piety as he was for his military proficiency, who had gone through the polytechnic school at a period when true Catholics were very rare. At that time, in certain surroundings, particularly in the government schools, it required real heroism to acknowledge one's faith. "On the first holiday after the reopening of the course," this officer said to me one day, when we had been talking together, "I took a long walk through the city. Toward evening, before starting back for the school, I went into Notre-

Dame, and spent about ten minutes at my prayers. It seems that some of my companions had seen me go into the Cathedral. They said nothing to me about it that evening, but the next day at recreation the proctor of our division called all the students together, and after securing their attention turned to me. 'It appears that you went to Notre-Dame yesterday,' said he. 'If you went to admire it as a historic monument, that was quite natural, but if you went in to pray, which, out of respect for our uniform, I would not for an instant want to believe, I will excuse you for this once, because you are a new man, but I wish it distinctly understood that it must not occur again.'

"All eyes were turned on me, and I confess that my heart beat rather fast, though outwardly I managed to retain my composure, and my glance did not waver. For a few seconds I looked the young man who was trying to bully me, straight in the eye, and then in a distinct and uncompromising tone I answered, 'I went to Notre-Dame to say my prayers, and I said my prayers because I am a Catholic, a Catholic by conviction and in practice. This matter concerns myself alone. I hope you understand? If any one desires further information, I am quite at his disposal.' I waited confidently and in a cool and determined attitude. I can assure you," continued the officer, "that the matter was looked upon as settled, and that from that time on my religion was not interfered with."

I am not saying that it is always necessary to act in this way. That depends upon a number of circumstances, upon one's own character and turn of mind, and upon the attitude of the adversary; but that which is plain is the fact that straightforward, simple determination will almost always ride over the difficulty, whereas timidity which comes from human respect, far from disarming the enemy, will lead on from one capitulation to another until at last we are brought to the point of being ashamed of our faith.

In the dilemma in which I now found myself I did not exhibit the courage of the young officer above quoted, but showed myself to be an utter coward, and after some hesitating inclination toward resistance, I contented myself with fair words, repeating over and over, "It is only for this once; I only do it to show that

I have some force of character and not to appear entirely unsophisticated, which would nullify any possible good influence I might have over them in the future; but next time I will take a positive stand, and, if necessary, I will openly resist." I knew very well in the bottom of my heart that I was a coward, and that I would not resist, but I tried to deceive myself in order to drown the voice of conscience. When evening came I went in search of Carleville, whom I had agreed to meet. He greeted me with a protecting nod, and presented me to the others who were with him.

The play which they took me to see was most immoral, both in its plot and in the manner of presenting it. At first I was very uneasy. I was ashamed of myself and longed for the play to end. Little by little, however, I yielded to the pleasure of sense, my conscience sank into silence, and the scene before my eyes absorbed me completely. When the curtain fell on the last act, I felt as if awakening from a dream, and mechanically I followed my new acquaintances out of the theatre. They led the way to a restaurant, where we were served in a private room, and were joined by several women who had been invited. And now for two hours my ears were assailed by stories and songs which made me exceedingly uncomfortable. I wished myself a long way off. But how was I to make good my escape under fire of all the eyes which in imagination I beheld aimed point blank at me?

Of course there was a great deal of drinking, and although I was much more moderate than the others, I was so unaccustomed to this sort of indulgence that by the time I reached the street I was quite bewildered. Carleville took me home in a cab. "For a first attempt you did very well," he said. "In time we shall make something of you."

I was so worn out that, on reaching my room, I fell, an inert mass, upon the bed. It was late when I awoke the next day, and my imagination still swarmed with the evil phantasms of what had passed before my eyes during that night of carousal. I remained inactive and dreaming the whole morning, without energy enough to say my prayers. However, in the afternoon, when I regained control of myself to a certain degree, I began to realize with remorse the downward trend I had been following for a week past.

Conscience pointed to several mortal sins committed with the full consent of the will, and I saw how the way had been laid for them by my lack of watchfulness over myself and my neglect of prayer during the days preceding. As I still had strong faith, I now felt real repentance for my conduct; and desiring to keep the promise given to my director, I made my way to the Rue de Tournon, and there frankly and with true contrition confessed my sins.

The good priest showed me clearly the cause of each of my falls. It was failure to keep watch over my senses, neglect of my devotions, and disregard of his distinct warning not to associate with persons of doubtful character. He tried to make me appreciate the necessity of being faithful to my resolutions, congratulating me at the same time for having come at once to confession. I left him, firmly determined to break the dangerous ties I had formed.

Chapter XV.—Evil Days.

I was perfectly sincere when I made these promises to my confessor, but, unfortunately for me, among my many faults there was one most dangerous, which at that time I did not fully realize, and that one was presumption. This fatal propensity, the offspring of pride, had become much more pronounced since I left college. I thought myself strong, and was certain that it was easy for me to resist temptation. Very serious occasions of sin appeared in my eyes to be almost devoid of danger, and so I did not perceive what pressing need I had of Divine assistance, and my prayers were lukewarm and lacked earnestness. In a word, I did not realize my own nothingness, and I did not send up to God that suppliant cry of the unfortunate who feels himself about to perish —that supreme appeal which on the wings of faith and hope pierces the skies, and reaches to the very throne of Divine Mercy.

How many young men have been lost on account of this foolish self-confidence, which makes them plunge with temerity into the very midst of danger without being protected by the arms of faith!

Returning one morning from the law school, not more than three or four days after my interview with Abbé Hermant, I found on my writing table a novel which had recently appeared, and

which had already been much talked about. It had been sent by Carleville, the student who had included me in his party the week before. He sent a short note with the book: "I think this will please you. It is all the go. I have promised to lend it to two other fellows, so I wish you would finish it to-day or to-morrow. It is so exciting that you are through with it before you know it."

I paused for some time. I knew the book was an abomination, the nastiest of the nasty; but what was I to do? What could I say to Carleville when he came next day to get it?

After thinking a few minutes I said to myself, "Pshaw! the book would have been bad for me a few weeks ago, when I was fresh from the provinces, but by this time I have seen enough of the world not to be affected by a few objectionable sentences. Besides, I will only cut the leaves, and glance through the volume so as to be able to say something about it. You could hardly call that reading a forbidden book." And with this cogent reasoning I set to work to look over the novel.

I turned the first few pages rapidly without much attention to what I was reading, but soon, attracted by the plot, which promised to be lively and ingenious and to unfold in life-like and exciting situations, fascinated by the poetry of the descriptions, the polish of the style, the wealth of imagery and, alas! it must be said, drawn on without acknowledging it to myself by that very feature of the book which made it in the highest degree injurious, I allowed my attention to become gradually fixed, and I began systematically to read, or rather to devour this abominable romance. My conscience made one last protest. "You are reading a very bad book, and running a serious risk. Catch yourself in time!" But by that time my attention had become riveted, intense, breathless, and the voice of curiosity was much louder than that of reason. I listened to curiosity, and, heedless of conscience, was soon wholly absorbed in reading. This book worked awful havoc in my intellect and my emotions. My imagination was fed upon excitement, my mind rendered for days incapable of serious application, and my heart became more and more averse to prayer and to the inspirations of grace.

I felt myself borne on toward a much deeper descent than that down which I had slipped a few days before, and yet, hard

pressed by remorse, for an instant I thought of going again to Abbé Hermant. Then I put it off until the next day. Confession, which had always been so easy before, now seemed an impossible task. I made the sign of the cross and said a *Memorare.* "I will go to confession, though, to-morrow," I said to myself. "It will be better." The thought of the judgment of God pursued me for a few moments, and then I fell asleep in comparative peace. The first time that I had been conscious of being in a state of mortal sin, I had not been able to close my eyes the whole night. How soon the fatal habit of living without anxiety in a state deserving of the wrath of God had fixed itself upon my soul!

The next morning, waking up after an untroubled sleep, I was hardly the least bit alarmed. Two or three times during the day, I reminded myself that it would be well to go to confession, but my repentance grew weaker by degrees, and when evening came, my qualms had quite disappeared, and without more ado I put off my confession until Christmas, which was only a week later.

During the following week I said my prayers a few times with my lips, but without any realization of my need of God; I read without hesitation several books which formerly I would never have permitted myself to open; I ceased entirely to guard my senses from dangerous objects, and I went to several plays of the sort I had been warned against as particularly dangerous. As on the first occasion, they were followed by meetings during which the most ordinary conventions were utterly ignored. And still I continued to quiet myself with the same old arguments when my conscience strove occasionally to protest. "All this was, perhaps, dangerous for me when I first came to Paris. Now that I am more accustomed to it, there is really nothing reprehensible about it." I began also to say to myself, "It is plain to me that parents and confessors greatly exaggerate the dangers a man encounters in his early career."

Poor fool! I was already in the depths of the abyss, and I complained that its dangers had been overdrawn!

There was another suggestion, too, which at first I did not dare heed, but which was little by little insinuating itself into my mind. "It is just as easy to confess several sins as it is to con-

fess one." I did not quite dare add, "So why hesitate to commit them?" but this detestable conclusion, more understood than distinctly formulated, failed not, nevertheless, to make its impression upon me. At last the anxiety that I felt when I first began seriously to offend God became more and more vague, and I enjoyed almost complete ease of mind. I went to sleep at night without the least apprehension, after mumbling a few prayers. Temptations even became less frequent, and I concluded that the Christian life was much less difficult when one did not go to confession so often.

Stupid course of reasoning! Is a soldier who has surrendered still attacked by the enemy? He is sent to the rear of the baggage. He is watched in order to prevent his recovering his liberty, but on the battle-field he no longer counts.

Ah, yes! When one is in a state of mortal sin it is to the interest of the devil to imbue him with a false sense of security and sink him in that pernicious slumber which is the very vestibule of hell. The fiend takes care not to disturb him lest he might with horror realize his condition. He sometimes even ceases for a time all violent attack, satisfied that he will be able later on, when he shall have entangled it more closely in the toils, to push this soul to the very worst extreme.

Meantime Christmas Eve had come. That morning I had a letter from Marguerite. The sweet girl as yet suspected nothing. She believed that her brother was in a state pleasing to Almighty God, and that his ideas and thoughts were still in perfect accord with her own. She wrote as follows:

My dear Paul:—I do not need to remind you, I know, of the great feast we are about to celebrate. This letter will reach you on Christmas Eve with a present from the Infant Jesus, who sends it to you by your big sister as usual. Of course, you will be going to the midnight Mass, which you always loved so as a child, when we lived together at Mesnil, before you went to school. We used to go to confession early in the morning, the day before, so as not to have to wait so long, and we would be so happy going home. At night, we started at eleven o'clock, wrapped up to our eyes, for it was bitter cold. You and I would go together through the darkness, over snow and ice, with old Tom for protection, and he would wait solemnly at

the church-door to take us home again. You were too young then to go to Holy Communion, and I remember how you would push up close to me, and say, "Kiss me, Guitte, to give me the Infant Jesus." Now, dear brother, you have the great happiness of receiving Jesus in your own heart. Pray to Him, implore Him to grant you the strength which you lack, to destroy in your heart the evil germs of human respect which spring from pride (you know that pride is your besetting sin), and to preserve you from the sin of curiosity, which has been the ruin of so many souls.

This morning I arranged a crib in your room, as I used to do every year when you were at home. All during the Christmas season we used to say our prayers there before the Infant Jesus. I have put a light to take your place before the cradle of the Divine Babe. There it shall remain until the Purification. May your heart, like the little flame, live and die for Jesus only!

Let us together, then, dearest Paul, adore to-night our God, who alone is worthy of all our love, and ask Him to unite our hearts in His grace and in His love. Kiss me as I do you, that we may give each other Jesus. Your sister,

MARGUERITE.

In reading this letter I was for the time really touched, and it confirmed me in my intention of going to confession that day. In the evening I went to Saint-Sulpice, where I knew Abbé Hermant heard confessions on the eve of feasts. I learned from the sacristan that he was out of the city, and would not return to Paris until the end of the following week. I had a great mind to make this an excuse for putting off the matter until later, and yet I felt impelled to lighten my conscience. There were a number of priests hearing confessions in the church and in the sacristy, and it would have been very easy to go to one of them. For an instant I debated. "Pshaw!" I thought. "They say it is a bad plan to change your confessor. I will come again next week." And satisfied with this good resolution, I went out of the church, and walked rapidly away. Confession now seemed to me such a disagreeable duty that I was delighted to be rid of the prospect. When I got home I reasoned thus ingeniously with myself. "Really, I am not at all well prepared to receive Holy Communion,—on such a solemn feast, too. It would be better to wait

until Easter. Then I can attend the Lenten Instructions, and make the retreat at Notre-Dame. That would be a more fitting preparation." And I calmly postponed my confession for three months.

I followed my regular custom, however, and went to the midnight Mass, but I found it very irksome. In spite of all I could do I was dissatisfied with myself. My conscience reproached me with the baseness of my conduct, and I could not stifle its voice. The service seemed never-ending to me, and after the Communion of the priest I hurried home.

Next day I wrote a few lines to Marguerite. This reply, like all my letters written at that time, was absolutely flat and meaningless. I told her not to worry about me, that my ideas were still the same, that I loved her dearly, was in the best of health, etc., etc.

That Christmas day was very tiresome. I thought it would never end and did not know what to do with myself. I did not dare seek my new acquaintances or read immoral books, because I would have been afraid to desecrate such a day; so I was dreadfully dull. I would not acknowledge to myself the cause of my depression, but I could not help comparing with my present miserable state the pure and innocent joy which I had felt in my childhood when Christmas came around once more. I recalled the gathering at night for the midnight Mass, and how we set out for Saint-Laurent across the country covered with its white mantle of snow under a sky glittering with stars. There was the brightly lighted church, the harmonious sound of the organ, the *crèche* where the ox and the ass warmed with their breath the Infant God just born for us. Then came the pleasant return home, where a joyful midnight feast awaited us beside a blazing fire, to say nothing of the pretty presents which the Infant Jesus had put in my shoes while I was gone. I am reminded of those lines of the poet which express so true a thought:

> "A sorrow's crown of sorrow
> Is the thought of happier days."

Happier days! Ah, yes! And now I was indeed unhappy, for I had lost my God, the sovereign good of my soul, and though I still believed in Him, His grace no longer dwelt in my heart!

Meantime these salutary reflections soon passed out of my mind, and the next day I resumed once more my unwholesome

occupations and my idle way of living. During the days following Christmas I committed a number of grievous faults, and sank rapidly into the depths of sin, and this because, in consequence of my being unfaithful to grace, its promptings became less and less frequent, and my heart, avoiding prayer, became harder and harder, and my unrestrained passions grew more and more overweaning. The enemy of our salvation had gained an important victory by preventing me from rising again by means of a good confession, and he now wound his victim more tightly in his net, and riveted his chains more firmly so as to make him his slave and effectually cut him off from the road which led back to righteousness.

For some time past Carleville had been gradually acquiring a great deal of influence over me, and the miserable fellow now exerted it for the purpose of drawing me farther along on the road to perdition. During the first part of January he managed by degrees to entangle me in certain associations the very thought of which would have filled me with horror six weeks before. I was now on the most intimate footing with the hair-brained set whose amusements he directed, and soon, through constantly mingling in their company, I came to regard as quite natural and necessary things of which I did not even have an idea before I left Anjou. I imagined that the young men who lived this sort of a life must be very happy. My emotions were excited and my head quite turned, and soon I began to feel ashamed that I had not yet taken the decisive step. Carleville and his friends played skilfully upon the fiery passion which took possession of my heart and clouded my intellect. They had perceived my inclination without my having expressed it. A suitable party was engaged. A young person of their set condescended to honor me with her favorable consideration. She undertook to initiate me into the customs of the gay world; in other words, to smother my conscience and drag me into the vortex of pleasure. Fearing nothing so much as the ridicule of my associates, I was base enough to fall in with the arrangements made for me, and very soon I found myself as far gone as the worst of the lot, enslaved by the most degrading of bonds. So blinded was I by passion that for some time I did not realize that I was at the very bottom of the pit.

It was the state of my finances which first opened my eyes. The young person who had made it her business to sharpen the wits of the little provincial, first invited herself to dine with me. This made me very proud. Now at last I was free from tutelage and the master of my own destiny. What madness! At the very moment when I was boasting of my freedom, the chains of bondage were being rivetted upon me!

Of course the most fashionable and most expensive restaurant was chosen. This was quite natural, and I had no objections to make. The dinner for two cost forty-eight francs. It never occurred to me to question the amount; I was too much afraid of being laughed at. I was next informed that it would be desirable to go to the Opera that evening, and to this I also agreed without demur. Glory, you see, costs money! After the performance a fine supper took what was left of my funds, which had amounted to one hundred and thirty francs! I was then permitted to call the carriage, and was told during the return drive that the evening had been quite pleasant. At parting I was given to understand that a second invitation for the following Thursday (it was then Monday) would be acceptable. I was profuse in my thanks, and went off divided between happiness at having made a good impression and the discomfort of realizing that my purse was perfectly flat. Indeed, I was placed in a most unpleasant predicament. In a few days I would be called upon to lay myself out again or else set at defiance all the rules of gallantry, and I had not even a single sou toward this expense. The fact that my rent was due at the end of the week also worried me greatly. Fortunately (?) for me, next day I received, a few days ahead of time, the little allowance which Charles and Marguerite forwarded every month, so I became enriched by a hundred and sixty francs. My honor was safe! I paid my landlord thirty francs for the month just past, and persuaded the proprietor of the restaurant where I took my meals to let my bill run three months. I was quite proud of having extricated myself so skilfully from my difficulties. I now had some means at my disposal! Like a fool I was encroaching upon my future resources, unmindful of the fact that I was only putting off the evil day, for in the end my family would certainly discover the truth. For the present I considered only

one thing, and that was that I was able to comply with the demands of my new acquaintance.

The following Thursday I was again accorded the favor of providing an evening's diversion. There was a repetition of the previous performance, and I went home with a hundred sous in my pocket. Moreover, I had been made aware that in a few days the trifling sum of three hundred francs would be needed. Of course one could apply to one's financial agent, but such details were so tiresome. It was so much pleasanter to draw upon me, knowing that such a paltry sum could not possibly inconvenience me.

I was much perturbed. Reason and conscience both told me that to continue in my present course was madness, and I knew that I ought at any cost to put an end to this connection, which would destroy my soul and ruin me at the same time; that I was deliberately stepping over a precipice; that sooner or later Charles and Marguerite would find it all out, and I should only have the shame and confusion of being discovered wandering like a child into a path which brought up against a wall.

But my vanity was touched to the quick at the thought of having to turn back. "What will Carleville and X. and Y. and all the rest say when they hear that I have broken away?" I thought. It seemed to me that if I sought to withdraw, all Paris would point its finger at me. I would be regarded as a boy, a mere baby! And then I was so proud of having the right to be on intimate terms with a person who seemed to be so amiable and bright, and in whom I descried so many good qualities. How jealous the others must be to see her single out a young student like me to honor with her friendship! My heart also had its say, in which poetic ideas played their part. Deluded simpleton that I was, I believed that I was loved, and I pictured to myself how, if I sundered these tender ties, I would break this heart, which was of such delicate workmanship that my desertion would deal it a mortal blow.

If at this crisis I had resorted to prayer—and I was at that time able to do so—God would have given me the strength to burst my bonds and free myself from servitude; but I did not pray. All that I did was to weep and fret and try to solve the problem by *human* means.

However, I was shaken, and I would, perhaps, have yielded to the voice of reason, had not my vanity been put to a cruel test. While I was playing hot and cold after this manner, there came a knock at my door. It was my new acquaintance who honored me with a visit. One would almost think she had divined the state of my soul. Good-humored, engaging and gay, she at once made herself at home, and proceeded without further ceremony to inspect my little apartment. Trunks, drawers, papers, everything was ransacked, and I, like an idiot, stood by without a word, while she took possession. Suddenly she stopped before Marguerite's picture, which stood on a little bracket over my writing table.

"What have we here?" she said, picking up the picture with an air of displeasure.

"That is a picture of my sister, Marguerite," I said, with a note of impatience. "Be so good as to put it back in its place."

She burst into a laugh. "You must acknowledge she is rather countrified looking, you old Goth!" she went on in a teazing tone, playing with the frame which held the cherished likeness.

Every good instinct which I still possessed was aroused at this outrage. I felt that something hitherto inviolate in the inmost precincts of my being had been menaced, and that if I permitted this most intimate sanctuary of my soul to be invaded, I should be subjugated once and forever.

I was on the point of showing my visitor the door. She clearly perceived what was going on in my mind, and realizing that she was about to play her last card, and that she must at any cost arouse my pride and vanity, in order to overpower the good impulse which threatened to wrest me from her grasp, she began to rally me in a manner both sarcastic and pitying.

She would not come again, she said. Evidently, I was not yet grown up, and she had been mistaken in supposing that I was. It only remained for her to beg my pardon for her blunder. "We will write to Mademoiselle Marguerite Leclère, and she will come in all haste to Paris to act as nurse for little Paul. A *child* encounters so many dangers in the gay capital! Big sister will give her little brother two sous on Sunday, if he has been good, and

every morning she will walk to the law-school with him. She will sit behind his desk and do fancy work, while she watches to see that he does not talk to his neighbors, or stick his fingers in his nose. Bedtime at eight o'clock, high Mass and Vespers on Sundays, and perhaps an occasional entertainment at the patronage, if Mademoiselle Marguerite deem it perfectly proper," etc., etc.

My injured vanity took complete possession of me, put to rout the generous impulses which had aroused my anger, and I was weak enough and low enough to beg that my momentary hastiness might be overlooked.

The next day, needless to relate, I was more deeply involved than ever, and, as the demands of this individual grew daily more and more extravagant, I had recourse to a shameful expedient, in order to procure the means to gratify them.

I wrote a beseeching letter to Lucie, to ask her to send me as soon as possible a few hundred francs, which I needed very badly. My excuse was the coming examinations, transcriptions to be made, theses to be printed, the loss of my purse in the street, and and so on! I conjured her, above all, to say nothing of this to her husband, as he would be sure to report it to Marguerite, who would then worry herself ill, imagining that I was not behaving as I should, and that my request could have no other reason. Poor Lucie, who knew nothing of the world, took the idle tales I told her for literal truth, and was innocent enough to send me a thousand francs immediately. She was still more foolish in that she promised to say nothing to Charles. She closed her letter by urging me not to forget to go to Holy Communion on the First Friday!!

As Monsieur Robert gave his daughter money for her charities and her personal expenses whenever she asked him, without keeping any account of it, it was an easy matter for her to renew her remittance to me two or three times during the year without any one's being the wiser. I asked her assistance, sometimes on one pretext, sometimes on another. Now it was my law-library, which I must begin to get together, and which was so costly. Then I needed a piano to make my evenings more agreeable, and to avoid forgetting what little I had learned. This last argument was most telling in effect, and won for me warm praise for my

good sense and my taste for the right sort of amusements. In short, I was never at a loss for an excuse, and my credulous sister-in-law, who was far indeed from suspecting that she was accomplishing my destruction by complying with these repeated demands, always sent me the money.

Meanwhile Easter was close at hand, but I was so absorbed with my pursuit of pleasure that I could scarcely realize one fine day that we had entered upon Holy Week. The thought sobered me for an instant, and I had a desire to return to God. The evil angel who was ever at my side, for, thanks to Lucie, my companionship was very profitable, divined the cause of my preoccupation, and had little trouble in banishing the vague leaning toward repentance. "What is the use of going to confession?" said this cruel enemy of my soul. "You have no intention of changing your way of living. You know very well it is impossible. Have you not tried it once? It is even less possible now than it was six months ago. Such notions do very well for people when they begin to grow old. Perhaps some day I shall become very pious, too, but youth must first pass by. The time to be good has not come yet, either for you or for me."[1]

I knew perfectly well that this was false reasoning, but it nevertheless had its effect, and stupid as I was, it was enough to cause the faint desire for freedom, which had for an instant made my heart flutter, to vanish.

That very same day I met good Abbé Hermant on a street corner. He recognized me and stopped to ask how I was getting on. As he reproached me gently for not having been to see him, I lied in order to relieve my embarrassment. I told him that I had been several times to see him and had, much to my disappointment, not found him at home, and that I had been going to another confessor as he had recommended in case he should be absent. In this way I was sure of cutting short all further inquiries on the part of the priest, who was too delicate to pursue the subject. He passed on after another pleasant word or two. Here was one more grace refused. JEAN CHARRUAU, S.J.

[1] For her the time never was to come. The unhappy creature died a few months later, the victim of a railroad accident, and passed suddenly from the pleasures of a bad life to the tribunal of the God who has said, "Watch and pray, for at an hour when you think not, I will come."

Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Comets and Radio-Activity.—It is a curious exemplification of how closely all the universe is bound together, notwithstanding the immense distances that separate various portions of it, that no sooner is an important discovery made in physics or chemistry than it proves to have applications in distant parts of the universe. The interest that has been displayed in problems of radio-activity has given a certain number of scientific data which astronomers now think can be applied to the explanation of the comet and its tail. Comets, of course, have always been one of the mysteries of the heavens, and just what the tail represents seems hard to explain. It is thought now that it represents radio-active energy manifested as the result of disturbances set up by the rapid movement of the comet wanderer.

The peculiar and very interesting phenomena that are seen to occur in the spinthariscope, by which corruscations of light may be observed to continue over long periods without apparent consumption of energy, are thought to be manifestations similar to those seen in comets' tails. Radium is, after all, known to be connected with helium, a metal first discovered in the sun and called helium or sun metal because thought to be confined to that luminary. It has since been found on the earth and, we believe, in various stars, and is now known to be one of the substances given off by radium during the course of its emanations.

The wonderful thing about these modern discoveries then is the absolute proof they furnish of the unity and close relationship of this immense universe. Distance does not withdraw any of the bodies from the power of the great scientific laws which rule our own minuter celestial body, and situated on "this little ball of mud" rational creatures are able to resume from their comparatively trivial surroundings the laws and principles that bind with absolute rigor the most distant celestial visitors.

Lightning Rods.—There was a time, not so long ago, when lightning rods were considered an invaluable protection for houses. Much of this was superstition, that is, a belief and a hope without knowledge. At the present time lightning rods have fallen into quite as much disfavor with the unthinking as formerly they had their approval. There is no doubt, however, that they do exert a protective power to a certain limited degree, especially on high buildings. It is important, however, that they should be properly constructed and kept in good order, otherwise they are likely to be an additional source of danger rather than a protection.

The United States Weather Bureau has recently had a pamphlet of information with regard to lightning rods prepared by Professor W. S. Franklin of Lehigh University. He gives the absolute desiderata without which lightning rods are practically useless. The lightning rod itself should be a wide band, a thin walled tube, or a wire cable rather than a solid wire. Electricity travels on the surface of a metallic conductor, and the larger the amount of surface the greater the conducting power. With a smaller amount of metal even more protection can be secured by one of the forms mentioned. The course of this metal conductor must be as short and as straight to the ground as possible. Lightning rods that go wandering around a building are not likely to be followed by the intensely high electric potential discharge of the lightning bolt. It matters not how well the rods may be insulated, the lightning will be apt to follow a straight course. After the rod itself, the most important consideration is the securing of what electricians know as a good ground. The rod must be well grounded, that is, it must be closely connected with damp soil or with a rather large-sized iron pipe that goes well down into the earth and is connected with other pipes. With such a rod buildings have been struck and the dwellers in them severely shocked, yet no injury has been done to the structure, though there were evidences of the bolt having followed the course of the lightning rod.

Whether the lightning rod is of any service in cities where many dwellings together are all of about the same size is very doubtful. Where a building is very high, however, or where it stands all alone in a field, as in a country place, lightning-rod

protection seems to be well worth while. The question of their erection on schools, academies and the like, especially where there are towers, is still open. Most scientific thinkers are persuaded that the protection afforded is more than enough to justify the expense involved. Emphasis is placed on the condition, however, that they must be kept in proper order, and for this must be the subject of regular and competent inspection, or they may be a source of danger rather than protection.

An Enemy of the Cotton Boll Weevil.—At the present time the supposed ravages of the cotton boll weevil are not making so much of a figure in the newspapers as during the spectacular rise and fall of cotton prices in the springtime. There is no doubt, however, that the presence of this insect means very serious danger for the cotton crop in the South, and that its ravages, unless stopped, will eventually perhaps even take away from us our predominance in the cotton markets of the world. The situation is, indeed, not unlike that which confronted France at the time that Pasteur was asked to study the silk-worm disease, only there the possibilities had become actualities and the French silk industry had been practically ruined. Some recent discoveries with regard to an enemy of the cotton boll weevil seem to give promise of beneficial results in coping with the danger to the cotton crop.

During the course of its investigations into the life history of the cotton boll weevil, the Department of Agriculture of the United States Government found that there was a variety of cotton grown by the Indians at Alta Vera Paz, in eastern Guatemala, which was not affected by the pest, though the weevil was known to be in the country and even to exist in certain places outside of the field cultivated by the Indians who grow the cotton in Guatemala.

When the danger from the boll weevil became more threatening, the Division of Entomology and the Bureau of Plant Industry began an investigation with the idea of determining, if possible, whether the cotton grown by the Indians had not some special quality which enabled it to resist the weevil, and to find out just why it was immune from the attacks of the insect. At first it was thought to be due to the fact that the Indians always plant their cotton on lands that have been burned over the pre-

vious year, and it was concluded that somehow under these circumstances the boll weevils did not have time to come to sufficient maturity to work a harm to the cotton crop.

Further observation, however, showed that the reason was a biological and not a physical or chemical quality of the cotton. The cotton is protected by an active enemy which kills the weevil, though it also feeds upon the nectaries of the cotton. This is a large reddish-brown ant which has mandibles of sufficient strength to grasp the cotton boll weevil around the middle, and, as O. F. Cook, of the Division of Entomology, has explained, pry apart the joint between the thorax and abdomen. The long flexible body of the ant is then bent in a circle to insert the sting at the unprotected point where the beetle's strong armor is open. The poison takes effect instantly. The beetle ceases to struggle and, with its legs twitching feebly, is carried away in the jaws of its captor. All this is accomplished in a very businesslike manner in much less time than the briefest possible account of the operation. It is evident, then, that the ant is by structure and instinct especially equipped for the work of destroying the boll weevil, and that it is the true explanation of the fact that cotton is successfully cultivated by the Indians of Guatemala in spite of the presence of the boll weevil.

It is well known that cotton cloth was woven in central and northern South America for many centuries before the arrival of Europeans. It seems extremely probable that the cotton plant is a native of this hemisphere. In some of these places cotton has been grown for many centuries in the same field. Some of this is tree cotton, which gives an excellent opportunity for the perpetuation of the weevil. That the crop has not been seriously damaged by the constant presence of the weevil seems to be due to the counterbalancing effect of its very active enemy, the ant.

Unfortunately, when cotton was transported from this part of the world farther north, its enemy, after some time, followed it, but its protector did not. The question now in the minds of entomological experts is whether the ant can be acclimatized in the United States, and it seems indeed much better able to protect itself against the frosts of our Southern States than the weevil itself, since, for purposes of hibernation, it excavates a nest three

feet or more into the ground. At the present moment the life history of the ant is being carefully investigated, and an effort is being made to secure queens in order to establish permanent colonies. As the expert of the Department of Agriculture says very aptly: "The farmer has now a new and practical reason to consider the ant."

Electricity and Orthodoxy.—It is very curious to what an extent the impression prevails that science is almost inextricably bound up with the tendency to unorthodoxy in religious thinking. It is true that the lives of some of the older scientists are supposed to exemplify a certain number of exceptions to this rule, but very modern science is supposed to be more or less necessarily rationalistic. Nothing is newer in modern scientific progress than electricity, and it is interesting to find that, notwithstanding the usually accepted impression just mentioned, all the great discoverers in electricity during the past century were not only not unorthodox, but were profoundly devout believers in Christianity and very practical adherents of some form of Christain faith. This is so different from the ordinary mode of thought in the matter as to be really a source of considerable surprise to those who are unfamiliar with the details of the subject.

It would seem that the best possible way to show that there is no conflict between religion and science is to demonstrate that the really greatest scientists have been deeply religious men. One chapter in this important history is to be found in two recent articles on electricity and orthodoxy by Dr. James J. Walsh, which have appeared in the *Catholic World*, during the summer. The beginnings of electricity, as pointed out in these articles, came in Italy from Galvani and Volta, both of whom were not only practical Catholics, but really very devout and faithful adherents of the Church. During his later years, Volta very seldom failed to hear Mass every morning and to make an evening visit to the parish church in the country place where he lived with his family. His favorite devotion was the Rosary, and he was often held up as a model of practical Catholicity to the country people who loved him very much for his kindly ways and who, because of his discoveries in electricity, often spoke of him as the beneficent magician. Galvani, who was proved to be a member of

the Third Order of St. Francis and gave instructions that he should be buried in the habit, was almost quixotic in his conscientious devotion to duty, so that he actually suffered from want, his professorship being taken from him because he would not take the oath of allegiance to the usurping government in Italy, which he considered had no rights in the premises.

Quite as distinguished in the science of electricity is Ampère, the Frenchmen of whom Ozanam tells the story of his faithful adhesion to Catholic principles and pious practices. It was not alone in Catholic countries, however, that the great discoverers in science were orthodox believers in Christianity. Gersted, the distinguished electrician, to whom are owed the discoveries which connect magnetism and electricity, was very proud to be selected as one of the orators on the occasion of the celebration of the millennial anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into Denmark. Sir Humphrey Davy and Faraday, the great English discoverers in electricity, were each of them sincere and cordial believers in Christianity and in the ways of Providence.

Ohm, whose name will ever remain as one of the original workers in electricity, because of its adoption as the unit of resistance by the International Electrical Commission, was a student of the Jesuits and a teacher of mathematics in the Jesuit college of Cologne when he made his great discovery. Later on he was professor of physics at Nuremberg and then at Munich, but always retained his early religious feelings.

One of his last expressions is that if God spares him he will extend the work which he is writing into three or more volumes. Coulomb is another distinguished electrical scientist who was a sincere and even fervent Catholic. Among great scientists of note in electricity who are not Catholics, the same tendency to cordial acknowledgment of Providence and its purposes is manifest. Sir Humphrey Davy and Michael Faraday were as sincere in their recognition of their dependence on a guiding power in the world as their French and Italian colleagues in electrical discovery. In more recent times, down even to our own day, the same thing has been true. Clerk Maxwell in England, with his acuity of scientific genius, had sounded all the depths of materialistic theory and declared in expressive phrase all schemes of

existence without God as "unworkable." Lord Kelvin has recently proclaimed that "Science positively affirms creative power and makes everyone feel the miracle in himself."

The Dispersion of Fog by Static Electricity. — What has for many years been one of the stock demonstration-pieces of the physical laboratory and class-room promises now apparently to become an important factor in the control of that serious inconvenience for modern rapid locomotion at sea, dense fogs, especially those so common off the coast of Newfoundland. Students of physics all remember that striking experiment suggested now nearly a quarter of a century ago by Sir Oliver Lodge, in which an iron rod is introduced through the top of a bell jar placed on a metal plate. The rod and the plate are both connected with an electro-static machine. If smoke be allowed to enter the jar before the electric machine is put into action, it curls round in the usual way and clouds all the interior. Immediately after the electric machine is set in action, however, the interior clears up at once, and all the smoke, the particles of which have become charged from the iron rod, is repelled from it and will be found clinging to the metal plate on which the bell jar rests and which is of course charged with the opposite kind of electricity.

Recently, by the aid of a very large electro-static machine, Professor Lodge has been able to clear a space of a diametre of more than a hundred yards. It seems perfectly practicable for a much greater space than this to be cleared in the same way by properly arranged apparatus. Already there is question of its practical employment along canals, as, for instance, the Manchester Ship Canal, where, by means of discharging stations, situated at proper intervals along the sides of the canal, a perfectly clear track of over three hundred feet in width can be secured even on the foggiest day, and the great hindrance to commerce with danger to life that the dense English fogs always bring, can be entirely removed.

Studies and Conferences.

FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE.[1]

The contentious attitude of the present French Government toward the Catholic Church elicits comparatively little sympathy from the organs of public opinion in behalf of those who are really being injured by the arbitrary interpreters, at Paris, of a nominally democratic constitution. The rulers of France, having obtained control of the avenues of popular expression at home in the same way precisely as the Jacobins of 1793 had come to represent the national Committee of Public Safety, with Robespierre and Danton as executioners, are secretly ruled by the "political club." The gigantic frauds such as the "Suez Canal" scheme in which the first men of the French Republic were implicated as abettors, have in part disclosed to the public the political corruption which is ordinarily concealed by the frequent changes in office to which the members of the "circle" practically succeed one another. The votes of the people are in the hands of local magistrates who are mere creatures of chiefs of the Department of Police which appoints and removes in a summary way, inconceivable to American minds, those whom it finds or suspects capable of thwarting the designs of the Central Committee.

Unfortunately the fictitious union of Church and State, which has endured up to the present under the terms of the so-called *Concordat*, has facilitated this system of political corruption, by placing the *nomination* of bishops in the right of the Government. It does not require much penetration to understand what sort of bishops the men who have ruled France within the last two decades are likely to nominate. The Government has shown its hatred not only of the Church but also of everything that savors of Christianity by the legislation it

[1] Exposé Documenté de la Rupture des Relations Diplomatiques entre le Saint-Siège et le Gouvernement Français. Rome: Imprimerie du Vatican. 1904. Pp. 64.

Documentary Exposition of the Rupture of Diplomatic Relations between the Holy See and the French Government. Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society. 1904. Pp. 48.

Le Catholicisme dans les Temps Modernes. I. Ses Résistances: Le Concordat —Les Evénements—Les Doctrines. Conferences aux Hommes par l'Abbé Gibier, Curé à Orléans. Paris: Lethielleux. 1904. Pp. 595.

has promulgated against Catholic education, by the ruthless expulsion, under various false pretences, of the whole body of religious, and by the atheistic declarations in parliamentary debates upon judicial and economic questions. If there are good bishops still in France to-day, it is only because the right of *nomination* which the Government claimed, did not always imply the obligation on the part of Rome to appoint the men whom the President of the Republic had presented. But latterly Monsieur Combes and the newly-chosen dictators, who had shown and said long ago that they hated the Church and its ministry, did solemnly declare that not to accept the Paris nomination of bishops, or to attempt the removal of an unworthy bishop from the exercise of his office, is an encroachment upon their rights, rights which they claim under the terms of the *Concordat*.

Origin of the Concordat.

To make the bearing of this declaration and the manner in which it was rendered effective more clearly understood we need briefly explain the origin and nature of this contract between Church and State in France, made a full century ago. Thence the student of history and political economy will be able to draw important conclusions regarding the relations of Church and State in other circumstances; for France, of all nations, has furnished the most striking example of the political conditions which obtain in turn under absolute union, and absolute separation, as well as halfway compromises, known as Concordats, between Church and State. We must go back first to a bit of old history.

In Pagan Rome the emperor had been the *Summus Pontifex* who offered sacrifices to Jupiter and to Mars in the nation's behalf. When the last remnants of the West Roman empire had been destroyed, and Clovis urged the Frankish nobles to adopt with him the Christian faith, it was but natural that the people should, as they did, follow their chiefs in the matter of public worship. Gradually but steadily, from Pepin to Louis the Saint, the union of Church and State in France was consolidated. There were quarrels at intervals, between kings and popes, but they were not so much about the right of the Church to be recognized or maintained by the State, as about the limits of jurisdiction and privileges claimed by the representatives of both powers. The result of these contentions was generally some sort of legal agreement or Concordat, such as that made in 1516 between Leo X

and Francis I, which fixed the limits of guardianship over the Church on the part of the two powers.

Then came the Revolution of 1793, when the populace, maddened by the claims of their rulers, threw off all obedience to authority, and established anarchical Socialism, beheading the king, decimating the nobles, casting into prison or banishment priests and religious, desecrating churches, destroying religious books and works of art, and placing the Goddess of Reason, as representative of the "rights of man," upon the altar. It was an emphatic declaration of the separation of Church and State. It was more; it was a denial and repudiation of the principle of authority, which was not the less a wrong because it arose from the repeated and open abuses of both religious and civil authority. It was setting up a reign of lynch-law not to be justified by the crimes of individuals and the meagre efficiency of the common law.

Actual Necessity of the Concordat.

Napoleon I saw the error. He realized that to divorce the Church absolutely from the State in France was to deprive the State of a power to influence the consciences of men in favor of the observance of the law, which had its main sanction in authority. The State might demand an oath from its citizens to be loyal in the public service or in the army, to speak the truth in a court of justice, to fulfil the promises of a contract, or to attest a will. But an oath which appealed to God as witness would have no meaning, no binding force for a man who had no religion, whose conscience was not controlled by a conviction deeper than the feeling of assurance that his perjury could not be traced or discovered. Now, in France religion meant the Catholic religion, and the Catholic religion meant the Church, whose head was the Pope. The First Consul, Bonaparte, who was to save France from the vortex of anarchy, to build a new Constitution upon the ruins of the Revolution, which, in weakening the nation, had made it sober, felt that he needed the alliance of religion, and hence of the Church, to establish a ground-work of moral authority in harmony with civil authority, against the destructive power of Socialist agitation.

Dangers of the Concordat.

But, on the other hand, Napoleon was somewhat afraid that the Church might abuse her power, so long as the exercise of that power was in the hands of men who, despite her laws to the contrary, might

be swayed by selfishness, or greed, or ambition. Napoleon knew, too, that it was more difficult to check these vices in unscrupulous churchmen than it would be in the case of civil magistrates, since the former claimed a higher kind of right and prerogative which civil law and civil penalty could not always reach.

Thus whilst Napoleon realized that absolute divorce of religion from the State is a grave error, absolute union of Church and State roused legitimate fears of a grave danger. A compromise seemed the only possible way out of the dilemma. The result was the inauguration of certain mutual concessions and limitations of authority expressed in what is technically called the *Concordat*. In the elaboration of this document Napoleon and the Abbé Bernier represented the rights of the State. Pope Pius VII and Cardinal Consalvi represented those of the Church. The Pope made it understood from the outset that the Church neither could nor would make any concessions on matters of dogma or morals; in matters of ecclesiastical discipline she was prepared to yield to all reasonable demands. The Pope desired that some public declaration be made to the effect that the Catholic religion was the recognized religion of the French nation. This Napoleon refused, and in the end both sides agreed that the Catholic religion should be formally proclaimed as the religion of "the great majority" of Frenchmen. This was done in order that some tangible basis might be thereby established for the framing of a Concordat that would be binding upon the future government of France.

The Articles of the Concordat.

The details of the discussion preceding the summarizing of mutual rights into the seventeen articles of which the Concordat was made up, are interesting. For twenty-five days Cardinal Consalvi disputed with Napoleon about the first article by which the freedom of the Church in France and the open exercise of the Catholic religion within the realm was to be guaranteed to the Bishops. The result was the declaration that: (I Article) "the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion shall be freely exercised in France. Its worship shall be public (*i.e.*, publicly recognized), in so far as it respects the regulations of the civil service which the government deems necessary for safeguarding the public peace (*en se conformant aux règlements de police, que le gouvernement jugera nécessaires pour la tranquillité publique*)."[1]

[1] The English translation of the above document made by the International Catholic Truth Society is somewhat misleading, in rendering the phrase *en se*

The second article of the *Concordat* decides that the limits of new dioceses are to be made by mutual understanding of the Holy See with the Government.

The third clause reads: The Sovereign Pontiff is to inform the Bishops that they should be prepared to make any sacrifice of their privileges, even that of abdicating their office,[2] when there is question of public peace or the common good of the nation.

In the fourth and fifth clauses provision is made for episcopal appointments: "The First Consul (Napoleon) shall nominate the new Bishops, and the Apostolic See shall install them *canonically*." "Sa Sainteté confèrera l'institution canonique." By canonical installation is meant that the Holy See through its representative would duly consecrate the bishop and grant to him the necessary apostolic faculties for the exercise of his spiritual (episcopal) functions. The bishops were then to take an oath of fidelity and loyalty to the Government. This oath was to be also administered to the secondary clergy by some person designated by the Government. At the end of the public service in the churches the prayer for the Republic and the Consuls was to be made. In erecting new parishes or defining the limits of the old, the Government was to be consulted. The bishops might nominate the pastors, but the choice could not be ratified in the case of persons displeasing to the State.[3]

conformant aux règlements de police by "due regard being had to regulations of policy" (p. 45). The Latin text of the article, which the translator inserts in the Introduction to the collection of documents of the recent transactions between the French Government and the Holy See, reads: *ratione ordinationum quoad politiam* (*habita*), which does not mean regulations of *policy*, but rather "police regulations," although these may, of course, be dictated by one-sided views of expediency or policy.

Similar inaccuracies occur in other parts of the English translation, which bears the marks of pardonable but annoying haste. It would be difficult, for instance, to understand, without a glossary, the following Latin sentence (Docum. VII, p. 22): "Raspondendum per coninent issundae Cardinalem a Secretes Status fixta mentem," which one would hardly suspect to mean: "Respondendum per Eminentissimum Cardinalem a Secretis Status juxta mentem."

[2] The English translation here states the direct contrary, when it reads "*excepting* the resignation of their Episcopal sees." The original text is: Sa Sainteté déclarera aux titulaires des Évêchés français qu'elle attend d'eux avec une ferme confiance, pour le bien de la paix et de l'unité, toute espèce de sacrifices, *même celui de leurs sièges*.

[3] Cf. pp. 457–59, where we give the French text of the Concordat in full.

A Bond-Debt.

Clauses XII—XV of the *Concordat* are important. Before 1790 the Church in France owned the property of its churches, schools, convents, and asylums, as it does in America. During that year the "National Assembly" met at Versailles, to find means of reorganizing the financial conditions of France which under the vicious rule of Louis XV had left the State burdened with a ruinous debt, producing a sense of popular dissatisfaction which Louis XVI, his successor, was powerless to counteract. It was Talleyrand who proposed to the Assembly as the only solution of the difficulty that the property of the Church be confiscated to liquidate the national debt; and that as a compensation the Government should undertake the obligation of providing for the support of the clergy. This measure was executed in November, 1790. More than ten years had passed, but there were still many who had refused to accept the legislation and who deemed the confiscation an act of injustice for which they might under a restored order of things claim rightful redress.

By the above-mentioned clauses XII, XIII, XIV, XV, of the *Concordat*, the Church of France agreed to renounce all former claims and accepted the actual status of things which would guarantee to her ministry a suitable support. Thus the *Concordat* became in reality a certificate of a legal debt incurred by the State for actual value received in real estate to liquidate the public debt. The salaries paid to the clergy to-day are the legitimate interest claimed by the Church of France for personal and corporate property handed over to the State.

Police Regulations or "Organic Articles."

The last proposition of the *Concordat* provides that in case any succeeding government of France were not to profess the Catholic religion, the rights mentioned in the document, and the nominations to bishoprics would have to be made subject to a new agreement.

This is the gist of the *Concordat* of 1801. It will be remembered that in the first clause mention was made of "regulations of the civil service which the Government deemed necessary for safeguarding the public peace." It is easily understood that the Government might make any number of regulations which could be construed as safeguards of public peace and yet be designed to limit the public exercise of the rights of religion. As a matter of fact Napoleon had a series of such regulations drawn up, and various attempts to test their

application were made. But the Holy See managed to evade the troubles that might have arisen from any open contest with the French Government by emphasizing its own conceded rights in essential matters whilst yielding in all cases of minor jurisdiction. Only when an attempt was made to stamp these police regulations with the authority of mutual consent, by claiming them as part of the *Concordat*, did the Holy See protest against such assumption. Thus these regulations, entirely one-sided in their origin, became known as "Organic Articles." They claim attention in connection with the recent action of the President of the French Republic in maintaining that the Holy See violated the spirit and letter of the *Concordat* in suggesting to two bishops of France, that they should resign a charge of which they had publicly proved themselves unworthy by their immoral and traitorous conduct.

Canonical Institution Distinct from Nomination.

As *Canonical institution* of bishops means the giving of episcopal faculties which only the Pope can give, it follows that the Pope may withdraw such faculties when a bishop makes bad use of them; and such action is in no wise an interference with the agreement of the *Concordat* which claims for the Government only the *nomination* to such an office. The correspondence between the Holy See and the French Government plainly shows that the Pope acted in his right, and that the French President seized the wolf's pretext against the lamb, even before Pius X had done any more than ask these two bishops to come to him and justify themselves against the flagrant accusations which their own clergy and unimpeachable witnesses had brought against their conduct.

But even had the case been different, there would be no violation of the *Concordat* in the Pope's actually suspending an unworthy bishop from his spiritual jurisdiction. Singularly enough there is a precedent case which proves what interpretation the French Government had the duty to give to any such action on the part of the Pope. In 1827 two bishops (of Strasburg and of Verdun) found themselves obliged to resign their episcopal offices. As they received their salaries from the Government and thus felt the obligation of notifying the State, they did so in the first instance. On being informed of this mode of procedure the Papal Nuncio wrote to the Minister of Worship to say that "the examination of the motives which might prompt a bishop to resign his sacred office, and the exclusive competency to pronounce upon there being cause for acceptance or refusal, belong, as does their

dismissal, to the Holy See." In a subsequent letter[5] the Nuncio wrote to the same Minister, M. Frayssinous as follows: ". . . Since the Holy See is the sole judge of the motives which bishops may allege for resigning their churches, and the only authority that can release them from their sees, just as it alone has the right to bind them thereto by canonical institution, the Holy Father has learnt with surprise that, before handing their resignation into your (the Government's) hands, they should have neglected to address their request to the Holy See and submit the reasons for their desire together with the request that it be accepted. . . . "

And how did the French Government interpret this claim? As quite just and proper; for we find on record the answer and apology of the French Minister in a letter in which he writes: "*The principles set forth by the Nuncio were correct and have been accepted by the French Government.*"

We refrain from further reflection upon the correspondence which our readers find at hand in the pamphlets mentioned in a footnote at the beginning of this article. The volume of the Abbé Gibier would enable the French reader to get in detail a good grasp of the situation, which we have attempted to sketch. It is curious enough that the French Premier should claim the right to retain French bishops in their sees, when he practically demonstrates that he would banish the entire clergy at one stroke from the face of the land. There can be no longer any utility in the *Concordat* under such circumstances. That, on the other hand, the agreement was not only a necessity under the first Napoleon, but also helped to preserve religious peace in France during well-nigh a century, cannot be denied. It was a case in which compromise was better than nominal victory.

ORIGINAL TEXT OF THE FRENCH CONCORDAT.

The following is the original text of the *Concordat* which will serve many of our readers to verify the various translations made in English, some of which are misleading.

Concordat of 1801 between Pope Pius VII and the French Government.

Le Gouvernement de la République reconnaît que la religion catholique, apostolique et romaine, est la religion de la grande majorité des citoyens français.

[5] February 9, 1827. See *Civiltà Cattolica*, Quaderno, 1300, 20 Ag., 1904.

Sa Sainteté reconnaît également que cette même religion a retiré et attend encore en ce moment le plus grand bien et le plus grand éclat de l'établissement du culte catholique en France et de la profession particulière qu'en font les Consuls de la République.

En conséquence, d'après cette reconnaissance mutuelle, tant pour le bien de la religion que pour le maintien de la tranquillité intérieure, ils sont convenus de ce qui suit :

ART. I. La religion catholique, apostolique et romaine sera librement exercée en France. Son culte sera public, en se conformant aux règlements de police, que le gouvernement jugera nécessaires pour la tranquillité publique.

II. Il sera fait par le Saint-Siège, de concert avec le Gouvernement, une nouvelle circonscription des diocèses français.

III. Sa Sainteté déclarera aux titulaires des évêchés français qu'elle attend d'eux avec une ferme confiance, pour le bien de la paix et de l'unité, toute espèce de sacrifices, même celui de leurs sièges.

D'après cette exhortation, s'ils se refusaient à ce sacrifice, commandé par le bien de l'Eglise (refus, néanmoins, auquel Sa Sainteté ne s'attend pas), il sera pourvu par de nouveaux titulaires au gouvernement des évêchés de la circonscription nouvelle, de la manière suivante :

IV. Le premier Consul de la République nommera, dans les trois mois qui suivront la publication de la Bulle de Sa Sainteté, aux archevêchés et évêchés de la circonscription nouvelle. Sa Sainteté conférera l'institution canonique suivant les formes établies par rapport à la France avant le changement de gouvernement.

V. Les nominations aux évêchés qui vaqueront dans la suite seront également faites par le premier Consul, et l'institution canonique sera donnée par le Saint-Siége, en conformité de l'article précédent.

VI. Les Evêques, avant d'entrer en fonctions, prêteront directement, entre les mains du premier Consul, le serment de fidélité qui était en usage avant le changement de gouvernement, exprimé dans les termes suivants :

"Je jure et promets à Dieu, sur les saints Evangiles, de garder obéissance et fidélité au Gouvernement établi par la Constitution de la République française. Je promets aussi de n'avoir aucune intelligence, de n'assister à ancun conseil, de n'entretenir aucune ligue, soit au dedans, soit au dehors, qui soit contraire à la tranquillité publique ;

et si, dans mon diocèse ou ailleurs, j'apprends qu'il se trame quelque chose au préjudice de l'Etat, je le ferai savoir au Gouvernement."

VII. Les ecclésiastiques du second ordre prêteront le même serment entre les mains des autorités civiles désignées par le Gouvernement.

VIII. La formule de prière suivante sera récitée à la fin de l'office divin, dans toutes les églises catholiques de France : *Domine salvam fac Rempublicam ; Domine salvos fac Consules.*

IX. Les Evêques feront une nouvelle circonscription des paroisses de leurs diocèses, qui n'aura d'effet que d'après le consentement du Gouvernement.

X. Les Evêques nommeront aux cures.

Leur choix ne pourra tomber que sur des personnes agréées par le Gouvernement.

XI. Les Evêques pourront avoir un Chapitre dans leur cathédrale et un Séminaire pour leur diocèse, sans que le Gouvernement s'oblige à les doter.

XII. Toutes les églises métropolitaines, cathédrales, paroissiales et autres, non aliénées, nécessaires au culte, seront mises à la disposition des Evêques.

XIII. Sa Sainteté pour le bien de la paix et l'heureux rétablissement de la religion catholique, déclare que ni elle ni ses successeurs ne troubleront en aucune manière les acquéreurs des biens ecclésiastiques aliénés ; et qu'en conséquence, la propriété de ces mêmes biens, les droits et revenus y attachés, demeureront incommutables entre leurs mains ou celles de leurs ayants cause.

XIV. Le Gouvernement assurera un traitement convenable aux Evêques et aux curés dont les diocèses et les paroisses seront compris dans la circonscription nouvelle.

XV. Le Gouvernement prendra également des mesures pour que les catholiques français puissent, s'ils le veulent, faire en faveur des églises des fondations.

XVI. Sa Sainteté reconnaît dans le premier Consul de la République française, les mêmes droits et prérogatives dont jouissait prés d'elle l'ancien Gouvernement.

XVII. Il est convenu entre les parties contractantes que, dans le cas où quelqu'un des successeurs du premier Consul actuel ne serait pas catholique, les droits et prérogatives mentionnés dans l'article ci-

dessus, et la nomination aux évêchés, seront réglés par rapport à lui par une nouvelle convention.

Les ratifications seront échangées à Paris, dans l'espace de quarante jours.

Fait à Paris, le 15 Juillet 1801.

HERCULE CARD. CONSALVI (*L.S.*)
J. BONAPARTE (*L.S.*)
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BEFORE AND AFTER.

Because the mystery of the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION was only defined by the Catholic Church as a dogma of faith fifty years ago, it is hard for non-Catholics to accept it as part of the primitive deposit of Christian doctrine. Our separated brethren, not being thoroughly familiar with the history and all-wise methods of Mother Church, "lose sight," says the August DOLPHIN, "of the fact that a definition of a dogma is merely the crystallization of a previously existing faith based upon sound motives of credibility. . . .

"Thus the belief in the Immaculate Conception lay, like many other beliefs of the Creed, dormant for a time; but its existence was gradually and spontaneouly manifested in the devotion of the faithful. And this devotion was *part of the liturgy* of the Catholic Church. It broke out like the blossoms and fruits on a tree, in different places, in different ways, and in succession of times, which gave ample opportunity to the Church to suppress it, had she deemed it necessary to disown the growth as representing a useless branch. But she sanctioned and fostered it until harvest time, when she announced in solemn fashion the glorious yield of faith's ripened fruit."

I.

Is not the gold we safeguard in the mine
  Metal as true as bullion from the mint?
Pure as the last, when furnace-heats refine,
It only needs the realm's stamp to shine
  As current coin of recognized imprint.

Is yon fair mountain, now half-veil'd in mist,
  Now altogether shrouded from our view,
Less real if unseen? Sun-cloth'd, sun-kiss'd,
Anon, from clouds of rose and amethyst,
  'Twill lift for us its snow-peaks to the blue.

Must not the soil hold fast the hidden root
  Before the tree can glow with blossoms white?
Slowly the buried seed sends up its shoot:
The folded blossom yields both flow'r and fruit,
  As many a viewless star to men gives light.

II.

Immaculate! Safeguarded was thy gold
  In Mother Church's mine, until she sealed
It in her mint with Definition bold!
At her decree, Time's vapors backward roll'd,
  And thy white Mystery, undimm'd, revealed.

Long ages since, to thee the Spirit said:
  "Strike thou thy roots, O love, in Mine elect!"
Thenceforth, amid the saints, like golden thread,
Divinely slow and secret, thou didst spread
  Thy roots in souls, and gracious growths effect.

Till Rome, at last, uplifting Jesse's Rod,
  To all men showed its first, unspotted flower—
The one white bloom whose fruit is Christ our God!—
Hail! flower divine! Glory of earth's dark sod!
  Thy Jubilee is one of praise and power!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

MEDICINE AMONG THE HEBREWS.

Qu. In the September number of the Pennsylvania *Medical Journal* Dr. M. R. Evans states that there is no record of medicine among the early Hebrew people, except the brazen serpent for the cure of snake-bites. Can this be true? I remember a brother physician directing my attention to a chapter in *Ecclesiasticus*, where the phrases "Honor the physician for the need thou hast of him," and "The Most High hath created medicines out of the earth, and a wise

man will not abhor them." There must have been therefore some common use of medicines distinct from the code of public hygiene which Moses prescribes. Is Dr. Evans' statement correct?

Resp. There is no doubt that different kinds of medicines and curative drugs were in use among the Hebrews, although probably not to the same extent as among other nations and in later times. There is mention of the "salting" of infants (Ezechiel 16: 4). Jeremias speaks of "balm" (of Gilead) for soothing pain and for healing (Jerem. 51: 8). The same prophet mentions *nitre* and the herb *Borith* (native sodic carbonate?) diluted in water for purifying the skin (Jerem. 2: 22). The *mandrake* was a well-known remedy in certain diseases, and *mint*, *anise*, and *cummin* were employed against colic, as we know from the rabbinical books, and there are numerous Hebrew proverbs which indicate the recognized and legitimate practice of physicians, some of which are used by our Lord: "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick," and "Physician, heal thyself."

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the generally healthy climate of Palestine in Biblical days, the sanitary code of Moses which was strictly observed, the conditions of life in a community of agricultural freeholders, and the moral enactments of the Law, maintaining a healthy discipline and checking the tendency to excesses injurious to health, naturally gave less scope to the medical practitioner than in our day. Besides, there was under the theocracy a more direct realization of God's providence, and the temperament which causes men to turn to God as their most reliable physician, made the Jew in illness seek the priest, even as the Catholic does to-day, rather than the man of herbs and of drugs.

THE COLOR SCHEME OF A SCHOOL-ROOM.

Qu. We have been discussing the color of the walls most suitable or beneficial to the children in a school-room. Some say green, others light blue, others a neutral greyish tint, or buff; the latest is red, which is said to have curative powers and is used in French hospitals. One teacher advocates white walls with blue glass windows, which is supposed (according to General Pleasanton's theory) to pro-

mote the growth of the young shoots, and therefore to be the thing for our juveniles. Should there be contrasts, or should one kind of coloring pervade the entire decoration? Please, DOLPHIN, give us your taste and judgment in this matter.

Resp. How does the Master Artist of the school, God, decorate? He has different methods; the most common is this: Light blue (azure) walls, white or lightly-tinted ceiling (feather clouds overhead), green carpet (grass), and brown floor with darker shade of furniture (trunks of trees), covered with green or flowered baize (foliage and bloom).

Occasionally He adds to this scheme, changing the ground-tone or hangings, and thereby teaching different lessons, enforced by the variety of impressions. Grey, gold (bright sun), a touch of rainbow, spotted flooring. But in all cases the one atmospheric element which ordinarily produces sky-blue at a distance pervades, and is in a way reflected upon the things around. Only under special circumstances is this unity in variety and variety in unity neglected, and then for the purpose of producing *definite* impressions. Thus there is a green-room — the forest; or a red-room, as when on summer eve the sky is on fire and tints all the leaves and waters. These surroundings favor definite moods, bring certain faculities of the sensitive mind into operation, and thus aid in education. In a complete scheme there would be—besides the normal class-rooms, with their light tints, similar to those in nature (azure, rose, delicate yellow, pearl grey)—green rooms, for sobering the mind to thoughtful study; red rooms, for ushering the spirits into healthy glow; dark rooms, for making the pupil feel the privation of heaven's cheerfulness. But these are for special uses, and not for long at a time.

The desk color—as that of all things near to the eye—is best green and brown, as trees and shrubs in nature, with some bright speck, such as a pen-wiper or pencil or pad in red, blue, yellow, white. The distant lights, that is, the walls, always soft, are varied by a touch of dark, such as the emphasis given to friezes and borders.

The blackboard is a necessary though *unnatural contrast* in the school-room. Hence it is best of slate, which soon takes on a greyish surface.

Criticisms and Notes.

THE CATHOLIC PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES. Chapter XXI of the Report of the Commissioner of Education, for 1903. United States Bureau of Education: Washington, Government Printing Office. 1904. (Advance Sheets.) Prepared by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Altoona, Pa.

TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PARISH SCHOOLS FOR THE ARCHDIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA, FOR THE YEAR 1903—1904. Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia, Pa.

REPORT OF THE CONFERENCE HELD BY PAROCHIAL TEACHERS of the Diocese of Rochester. July 26-28, 1904. Rochester: John P. Smith Printing Company.

"OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES." By the Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt.D. From Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia. No. 7 of Educational Briefs, published by the Superintendent of Parish Schools, Broad and Vine Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., July, 1904.

MORALITY WITHOUT RELIGION IN EDUCATION. By the Rev. Joseph J. O'Connell, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Port Carbon, Pa. Published by Chronicle Publishing Co., Pottsville. 1904.

In the above list we have a representative exposition of what is being done at the present date in Catholic Parochial School work, and what is most needed for the perfecting of the same work.

I.

Father Sheedy, of Altoona, Pa., makes a report (covering about twenty closely printed pages) to our National Government, in which he sets forth the actual condition of the Parochial Schools in the United States. This statement includes a brief history of the origin of the Parochial School, in which the author takes just occasion to make clearly understood the reason why Catholics find themselves compelled to organize a method of education which lays them open to the charge of holding aloof from the popular aim represented by the Public School system. He shows how well disposed the Church is toward popular education, provided it be an education which does not

injure the heart whilst seemingly helpful to the development of the mind. The irrefutable proof of this attitude of the Church in favor of education is to be found in the sacrifices which Catholics make for the maintenance of a separate school-system wherein they are free to impart the lessons of morality and religion together with secular knowledge. Besides paying their regular quota of taxes for the support of the Public School, the citizens whose Catholic convictions prevent them in conscience from sending their children to the State School expend more than twenty million dollars annually to provide an education for their young which does not neglect the essential environment of a religious atmosphere.

With admirable skill and yet without exaggeration, Father Sheedy demonstrates by comparison of efforts and results that the "greatest religious fact in the United States to-day is this, that over a million children are being educated in the Catholic parochial schools without any aid from the State." Nor does he confine himself to figures and facts, which, whilst they represent a certain numerical strength and growth, are in themselves no proof of solid scholastic work. He enters into an examination of the methods adopted in our best parochial schools, the steady tendency of modelling the Catholic system upon the highest standards of known pedagogy, and of bringing the management of the classes into a harmonious movement by which the training in our schools is being perfected so as to reach the ultimate intellectual requirements of a secular culture no less than that moulding of character by which virtuous conduct and an excellent quality of citizenship are attained.

A considerable part of Father Sheedy's report is taken up with the outline of parochial school work, the course of studies in our Catholic graded schools, the methods of control by means of weekly and monthly reports, the visitations of diocesan superintendents. But of special interest are the paragraphs devoted to what might be called the Normal Methods in connection with our schools. Here the author shows what is being done to aid the training of our teachers, the development of Catholic teachers' institutes, and the various means adopted to bring about a mutual understanding and common uniformity among the different bodies of teachers represented mostly by the Religious Orders whose members devote their whole lives to the work of educating.

In concluding his survey of the activity of the Parochial School in the United States, Father Sheedy sums up the results. Apart from

the directly beneficial influence derived from the system by the mass of our Catholic youth, the writer notes a growing change in the convictions of public-minded educators outside the Catholic Church in favor of religious training. "For a long time, Catholics were alone in their stand for denominational schools; but the logic of events has brought to their side many Lutherans, Methodists, Episcopalians, and even Baptists." He refers to the recently-formed Association of Educators at Chicago, which has avowed its purpose of making efforts from a new standpoint "to obtain religious and moral education in the Public Schools." The testimony of men like President Hadley, of Yale University, to the effect that, for the preservation of our commonwealth, "a way must be found to blend religious and secular instruction in the schools," is a striking proof of a gradual change in public opinion, even among men who look mainly to the economical and political welfare of the nation. Even President Eliot of Harvard allows that "our educational system has not solved any one of the great problems that trouble the country at the present time," and he may come to recognize that his colleague of Yale is right in asserting with the Catholic Church that you cannot "make the right kind of a citizen by a godless education and then adding on religion afterwards. That idea is wrong. Education and religion must go hand in hand."[1]

II.

A striking illustration of the actual work done in conformity with the foregoing report to the United States Commissioner of Education regarding the Catholic Parochial Schools, is had in the Annual Diocesan Report by the Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Parish Schools. In 104 parishes there are 115 schools; some of these are exclusively for boys, in others girls only attend, but most of them are equipped with teachers and appointments for children of both sexes in different departments. The growth of these schools within the diocesan limits is indicated by the statistics of the last year. At the close of the year 1903–1904 the number was 48,756, an increase of 3,403 over the previous year. The enrolment is 52,005 pupils for the present scholastic year.

The work of Father McDevitt during the past year consisted partly in observation of the teachers' work, partly in examination of the pupils. The Report deals in the main with the practical deductions to

[1] Page 1100 of the U. S. Report.

which his observations of the teachers' work have led him; and here we meet with an analysis of Catholic principles in their application to effective instruction which every teacher should take to heart. Religious instruction is the keynote to our system. "It should be the predominating factor, the informing element of our educational system. It is this conviction that has brought our parish schools into existence; wanting this element they have no reasonable claim on Catholic support or patronage."

Father McDevitt does not merely dogmatize, though his words must be of sterling worth to those who find a way to take them to heart. He labors, devises plans and means, with infinite considerateness and patience, by which his teachers may carry into effect the advice he offers them. It has been our blessed privilege to coöperate with this high-minded leader among Catholic educators and with the self-sacrificing religious who have readily followed his suggestions by preparing the *Manual* for Teachers of Christian Doctrine; and we might be induced to speak with enthusiasm of a work which so deeply concerns the Catholic cause in our land, but the testimony of other religious throughout the country, the testimony of bishops who have given the matter their conscientious thought and who approve without reservation of this step inaugurated by the Philadelphia Superintendent of Parish Schools, relieves us from any suspicion of overestimating the efforts thus begun in furnishing admirable pedagogical helps where they are needed.

The Report is not, however, limited to urging a correct and helpful method of Christian Instruction. It dwells upon the other fundamental branches, particularly the three R's; and a detailed outline, furnished by Professor Robert F. Anderson, directs the teachers to a uniform method of teaching arithmetic for the grades below the High School.

The latter half of the Report is devoted to an exposition of the system of High Schools which act as unifying centres for the coöperative work of the Parochial Schools. The Resolutions of the Catholic High School Committee which met at St. Louis, last July, are set forth with such comments as tend to the practical development of a Catholic High School for girls similar to the finely equipped and splendidly active High School for Boys under the direction of Dr. H. T. Henry. In conclusion Father McDevitt adverts in detail to the prospects of an "Educational University" where our teachers may enjoy the common advantages of the best pedagogical training.

III.

In direct convergence with the lines suggested by the Superintendent of the Philadelphia Parish Schools, for the formation of a Teachers' Institute which might eventually become a general educational university, is the work of three Teaching Orders in the diocese of Rochester, N. Y. The Sisters of St. Joseph, the Sisters of Notre Dame, and the Sisters of Mercy, representing the principal orders in charge of the parochial schools, convened for a three days' conference under the presidency of the Vicar General. The immediate object of the Conference, at which some 200 Sisters of the three Orders mentioned assisted, was "to compare educational experiences, with a view of adapting from various educational sources whatever was found valuable; how means and methods of instruction might be improved and thus a greater excellence in the school system might be secured." A second object of the conference was "to discuss the matter of text-books, with a view of securing uniformity throughout the schools." Other incidental topics which became the subject of mutual agreement were those of uniformity in the time of closing the schools in June, and of determining fixed dates for the semi-yearly grade examinations. The Report prints in full the papers read before the Conference on subjects previously assigned. These included *Reading and English; Arithmetic* (how to improve its study); *History; Music* (how to teach it); *The Teaching of Spelling; Geography; Penmanship.* After the reading of each of the foregoing essays embodying practical suggestions there followed an expression of views, criticisms, experiences eminently helpful, and a committee was appointed to incorporate the results of the discussions in a programme tending to render them practical in the school-work. We note with pleasure that the Conference in one of its resolutions recommended to all the teachers the *Manual* of the DOLPHIN Press under the approval of the Right Reverend Bishop. Another excellent and practical measure adopted by the Conference was the recommendation to teach choral singing, in connection with the course in vocal music in our schools, as a preparation of future church choir work.

IV.

The selection of proper text-books in our parochial and secondary schools is of great importance. In the matter of secular learning, such as science, history, and general literature, we have to keep

abreast with the demands of the times and places in which we expect our youth to take active part. This makes it necessary to keep in touch with the progressive movements of our public schools, and to draw, as much as possible, from the same or similar sources whatever appertains to the intellectual and physical discipline, by which a harmonious culture of all the elements in a commonwealth is promoted.

Incidentally, we have another interest in the public schools of our land. Whilst, because of their insufficiency in divorcing religion from education, we cannot conscientiously patronize them ; we have a right, as taxpayers and supporters (however reluctant) of these common schools, to contend against their being made hotbeds of a culture that is directly hostile to Catholics, or that propagates lies about the Catholic Church. Thus there devolves upon us the duty of protesting against sectarian activity in the public schools by means of textbooks which distort history, or inculcate immoral principles, to the detriment of truth, charity, and social purity.

This task has been undertaken in the two last pamphlets placed at the head of this notice, in a widely different, yet withal very effective way. The first is a brochure of nearly 60 pages, from the pen of the Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt.D., President of the Philadelphia Catholic High School for Boys. It was originally published in the *Records* of the Philadelphia Catholic Historical Society, but finds a timely re-issue in the *Educational Briefs*, edited by Father Philip McDevitt. "Old Times in the Colonies," is the title of a volume composed by Charles Carleton Coffin, published in 1881, and recommended for "Lessons in Language," and "General Reading," by Dr. Edward Brooks, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Public Schools. The book thus expressly endorsed by the head of the Philadelphia Public School system for instruction "in Language in our Elementary Schools," teems with evidences of ignorance and malicious errors about Catholic principles, doctrines, and institutions. To allow the teachers of the public schools to poison the minds of our young by such means would be criminal; and Dr. Henry has made such capital work by exposing the dishonesty and mischief of the whole matter, that Superintendent Dr. Brooks felt obliged to withdraw the obnoxious volume from his catalogue of books proposed for reading in the public schools. Quite distinct from its polemical value Father Henry's brochure deserves to be read as a bit of delicious satire from which every vulgar breath or commonplace is excluded. It has a real claim to being classed as good literature.

V.

Father O'Connell's pamphlet is not unlike in its purpose to the foregoing, although it addresses itself to the general public and combats —not a specific misuse of the public school as a means of arousing anti-Catholic prejudices, by a distortion of facts, but rather the attitude of its representatives who teach false principles in so vital a matter as moral training. The complete title of the brochure before us is: "In defense of Religion and the Dignity of Labor; or *Can there be true Morality without Religion in any System of Education?*" The discussion embodied in its pages was provoked by the blatant utterances of a local superintendent of Public Schools, who as President of the County Educational Association undertook to advocate certain pedagogical principles which not only ignored the essentials of morality in the training of our youth, but also were directly calculated to discredit the Catholic claim of religion as the basis and concomitant of all sound education. With admirable directness, and in a style at once convincing and moderate, the priest exposes the unsoundness of Mr. Ditchburn's principles, lays bare the lack of logic in his argument, points out the one-sidedness of his statistics, and then dwells with earnestness upon the injurious effects which must result to the individual and the community from the advocacy of a doctrine which ignores religion in education. Father O'Connell demonstrates in a terse and interesting fashion that the true standard of morality—upon which a healthy and contented society is to be based—must be sought in religion. In corroboration of this claim he quotes the testimony of facts, the experience of educators, and the statements of public men in Church and State. In conclusion he applies the doctrine of religious education to the conditions of the workingman whose life he knows as only a priest interested in the spiritual and temporal welfare of his flock can know it. We understand that Mr. Ditchburn has been obliged—as a direct consequence of Father O'Connell's exposition—to resign his position as Superintendent of Public Schools in the district. It will be well for priests who have a school to maintain in the midst of a prejudiced community to make themselves masters of Father O'Connell's arguments.

H. H.

APOSTOLIC ORDER AND UNITY. By Robert Bruce, M.A., D.D. (T. C. D. and Oxon.), Vicar of St. Nicholas and Hon. Canon of Durham. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Pp. xiii—151.

Long residence as a missionary in the Punjab and Persia among non-Christian races has taught Canon Bruce (ex-professor of Persian in University College, London) to regard "the differences of ecclesiastical organization between various Christian Churches as of trifling importance, compared with the gulf which separates Christendom from Heathendom." During his absence he found the Church of England to have been divided into two hostile camps, the one giving the pre-eminence to Apostolic organization, the other to Apostolic doctrine. Unsuccessful in his search to discover in Holy Scripture any foundation for the "novel doctrines" which had caused the division, he turned, he tells us, to the writings of the Apostolic Fathers. He has embodied the results of his prolonged study in the volume before us. It claims to be exhaustive of all passages contained in the Christian writings of the most important period in Church history, namely, from A.D. 70 to A.D. 130, that throw light on Apostolic order as a basis for unity between the "various Christian Churches" (to use the author's inaccurate phrase). So far as we have been able to judge, it may be fairly said to have fulfilled its promise. In chapters II to VII (by far the best part of the book), we have a careful and scientific review of the teaching current in the Christian Community during the second and third generations after the Ascension.

Canon Bruce lays stress upon the silence of the New Testament about the history of the Apostles with the exception of SS. Peter and John. They were Apostles of the Circumcision (Gal. 2 : 9), and the apostolate of Paul to the Gentiles was a separate office, instituted by our Lord. (Acts 9 : 15 ; 13 : 2). It was St. Barnabas, "a prophet," who was sent to supervise the infant Church at Antioch. From the scanty allusions to the Apostolic ministry the conclusion is drawn that it was confined exclusively to the Jews—an unwarrantable one in the light of the history of Cornelius' conversion and the consequent change of front on the part of St. Peter. Until the Fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, the Temple was, the author considers, not merely the centre and bond of union, but the model in its organization, to the Christian *Ecclesia*, which he goes so far as to maintain (at least as regards the Community in Judæa) was not even regarded as a separate religion from that of the Jewish Church. This theory, we need

scarcely say, runs counter to the plain history of the Acts. On its unstable basis is built the further unfounded assertion that the organization of the Synagogue (of which the Christian Church was only one out of many) and not that of the Temple was perpetuated in the Christian *Ecclesia*. A far-fetched exegesis of Hebrews 8 : 4 is made to bolster up the view that to the Christian of the Apostolic age there were no priests, altars, or sacrifices, except those connected with the Jewish worship, in spite of the patent fact that, not merely does the very warp and woof of the Epistle consist in the contrast between the sacrifices of the Temple, powerless to forgive sin, and the all-prevailing Sacrifice of the Cross, presented perpetually in the true Holy of Holies by the spotless Lamb, with its underlying thought that that efficacious presentation was continued on earth by those who shared in the Priesthood of Melchizedec, not after the law of a carnal commandment but after the power of an endless life ; but its writer plainly tells his readers that *Christians* have "an altar whereof they have no right to *eat* who served the tabernacle" (Heb. 13 : 10), a sufficiently obvious reference to the Holy Eucharist.

Although Canon Bruce rejects the notion of the Christian Priesthood as an unhistorical innovation opposed to the teaching of the New Testament, he labors inconsistently to defend Episcopacy as belonging to the *bene esse* of ecclesiastical organization. He cuts the ground from under his own feet by his initial admission that "the term *Episcopus* had a very different meaning in the days of the Apostles and the Apostolic Fathers from what it bears now."[1] For if bishops in the modern sense were unknown to the Church of the second generation, then the "Reformed communities in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, America, Switzerland, France, and the British Empire, along with the purest and most missionary of all Churches,

[1] In this it need only be said that he differs from Lightfoot, his own great authority throughout, who states that St. James of Jerusalem within the period compassed by the Apostolic writings "can claim to be regarded as a bishop in the later and more special sense of the term." (Qu. by Moberly, *Ministerial Priesthood*, p. 149.) Admitting that "presbyter" and "episcopus" are interchangeable terms in the New Testament, this only shows that bishops were then more numerous than commonly supposed.

See, too, Lightfoot on Phil. (pp. 224–5) :—"Episcopacy is so inseparably interwoven with all the traditions and beliefs of men like Irenæus and Tertullian that they betray no knowledge of a time when it was not. Even Irenæus . . who was certainly born . . . before the middle of the (second) century, seems to be wholly ignorant that the word bishop had passed from a lower to a higher value since

the Moravian'' (p. 30), with their unepiscopal constitution, are more conformed to the pattern of primitive Christianity than the Episcopal Church of which the author is a duly-accredited minister.

Passing to the third generation of Christians, we are given a very full analysis of the writings of SS. Clement of Rome, Ignatius of Antioch, and Polycarp of Smyrna, as well as of the celebrated *Didache*, or "The Teaching of the Lord through the Twelve Apostles, to the Nations," first mentioned by Eusebius. The chapter on St. Clement is avowedly based on Bishop Lightfoot. The most is made of the, after all, not very important[2] significance of the opening phraseology of the Epistle from "the Church" (instead of "the Bishop") of Rome. The passage quoted from Dr. Lightfoot might have been supplemented by a reference to an even stronger passage in his *Apostolic Fathers* (part I, 1, p. 352), where he remarks with strange dogmatism, considering the circumstances under which the Epistle was written, that "even the very existence of a Bishop of Rome could not be gathered from its contents." However, controversy is happily not made unduly prominent in the book.

It is to be regretted that where it does make its appearance, Dr. Bruce should not have first made sure of the nature of the position he was combatting, no less than of his own ground. We would point out to him that so far from "the Roman community" endorsing the proposition which he puts in their mouth—"No Pope, no Christian"—any instructed Catholic would inform him that the Church recognizes as her child, although possibly her *rebellious* child, every soul by whomsoever validly baptized. And we take leave to deny *in toto* his singularly wide assumption that "the Bishops of Rome founded their claims to be regarded as the successors of St. Peter and the Vicegerent of Christ" on "the literature of the 'Clementines' and the 'Forged

the Apostolic times." "The same," he adds in a note, "is true of Clement of Alexandria." *Cf.* Moberly (*Ministerial Priesthood*, p. 216), who appeals to Hegesippus (Eusebius, *H. E.*, *IV.*, 22) and to Polycarp. The same writer remarks justly: "It is quite plain that from the earliest Apostolic times there were in every Church regularly constituted presbyters (and) . . deacons . . The real question is, What is there behind, or beyond, presbyterate? Within the N. T. . . . . there was always the background of the apostolate. It may be taken as equally certain that from the middle of the second century onwards there is invariably found behind and above presbyterate, the background of episcopate." (*Op. cit.*, pp. 215–216, *cf.* pp. 217-9.)

[2] For it is clear that St. Clement writes the *Epistle* as the representative and mouthpiece of the Church of Rome over which he presides.

Decretals.'" That he should have written such a sentence shows that he can never have weighed the full significance of Pope St. Victor's threatened action with regard to the Asiatic Christians on the subject of the Paschal controversy, to which he has no more than a passing reference. The learned Protestant Professor Harnack's words might be studied by him with profit. "How," he pertinently asks, "could Victor have dared to attempt this (excommunication), unless it had been admitted that it belonged preëminently to the Roman Church to define the conditions of the 'common unity' in crucial matters of faith? How could Victor have made such an unheard-of claim upon independent communities, unless he, as Bishop of Rome, had been recognized in a special manner as the guardian of the 'common unity?'"

The section on the *Didache* is clearly arranged and full, as far as it goes. More attention might perhaps have been paid to its essentially Jewish origin which explains many of its obscurities. Dr. Bruce does not seem to realize that, in Dr. Moberly's words, "it is *not an original document*. . . . Not merely (does it) emanate from Palestinian Christianity, but . . . it has its source in non-Christian and pre-Christian Judaism. It is an altered and Christianized form of what was originally a Judaic manual, with no Christian reference at all, for the instruction of Gentile converts to Judaism." We cannot follow him in his attribution of the authorship, without this necessary qualification, to one of the "order of teachers—probably a Jewish Christian." It is surprising that Professor Moberly's *Ministerial Priesthood* does not appear to have been consulted. We look in vain in the present work for a concise summary of the phenomena of the early Christian ministry represented in the *Didache*, such as Dr. Moberly gives us in the following admirable form:—"(1) There are two sets of what may be called ministers: the first, Apostles, Prophets, and (apparently) Teachers; the second, Bishops and Deacons. (2) Apostles and Prophets appear to become so by virtue of a Divine inspiration; Bishops and Deacons are regularly appointed by the Church. (3) The terms 'Apostles' and 'Prophets' are apparently interchangeable. (4) Apostles and Prophets are non-local. Their perpetual itineracy is a characteristic as essential as their claim to be inspired. (6) The class of Apostles, or Prophets, is overrun with (more or less self-deceiving) impostors . . . false prophets. (7) Apostles and Prophets, *if genuine*, are regarded as supreme in the Church. (8) The Bishops and Deacons are mentioned subordinately, but in express

connection with the weekly eucharistic sacrifice. (9) Just as . . . in Scripture . . . bishops (or presbyters) constitute, with the deacons, the settled ministers of all local communities. . . . The communities stand, and their officers govern and minister, in the face of, and in dependence upon, a background of higher authority, which, as non-local, represents the apostolic government of the Catholic Church. So far the conditions are singularly like those of the New Testament." (Pp. 173–6.)

We would also like to have seen a critical comparison made between the teaching of the *Didache* on the one hand, and that of the Epistles of St. Clement and of St. Ignatius, on the other.

The Epistles of SS. Ignatius and Polycarp are prefaced by a well-written account of the lives of their authors and of the circumstances under which they were written. In the case of the Ignatian Epistles, we are also given a careful description of the Judaic Docetic heresy ("Judaism crossed with Gnosticism," according to Bishop Lightfoot,) against which they were chiefly directed. We are then given the most important passages from the text of the several Epistles.

Dr. Bruce's appendices on "The Legend of the Martyrdom of Clement of Rome," and on the term "Chief Priest," show sound scholarship even where we cannot agree with their conclusions. But his practical identification of the *Agape* or love-feast (at first held in connection with the Eucharist, but at an early period separated from it) with the Holy Communion (which he designates "a family meal" of which "the father was the administrator"), taken with other defects of judgment previously criticized, will materially impair its value in the eyes of the Catholic reader.

SONS OF FRANCIS. By Annie McDonell. With Photogravure Frontispiece and Eight Illustrations. London: J. M. Dent & Co; New York: The Macmillan Company. Pp. 436.

Beautifully illustrated,[1] printed on excellent paper, with a general "get-up" that leaves nothing to be desired, this handsome volume of studies of the lives and characters of the first followers of the *Poverello* of Assisi will make an admirable gift-book for all who are interested (and who are not?) in the early history of the Franciscan Order.

[1] The illustrations include Botticelli's "Nativity" and copies of the well-known pictures of St. Francis, St. Clare, John of Parma, Brothers Bernard and Giles, and the Passing of St. Francis.

Miss McDonell has adopted the plan of foregoing a strict historical narrative for a psychological series of character-sketches of the dozen poor men whom St. Francis first gathered around him. The captious critic may object that this studied depreciation of hard facts in favor of the glamor which religious sentiment throws over the most commonplace occurrences—the more so after the lapse of some seven hundred years—robs the volume of its historical value; but such a criticism, like many others equally sweeping, is based on a false generalization. To collect facts is not the whole duty of the historian. They have to be collated, analyzed, interpreted, if they are to convey their true significance to the reader. This is especially the case when the complexities of personality—and above all of a *religious* personality at the root of a stupendous spiritual work—are in question. The Bollandist *Lives of the Saints* with their exhaustive criticism of historical events, their careful sifting of authentic miracles from legendary chaff, their studious avoidance of the least appearance of sentimental bias or of religious prejudice, have a distinct value of their own; but a work, like the present, at the other end of the scale, concerned exclusively with the reconstruction of character from *data* provided by contemporary writers and, as much as possible, from the standpoint of those contemporaries, aided by a sympathetic insight into the motives that prompted the actions, simple, saintly, perverse, even grotesque, of the gentle Leo, the strenuous John of Parma, the worldly Elias, is at least as instructive to the student of a history whose actors are living men.

Miss McDonell's pages breathe throughout the spirit of St. Francis. Some of them might almost be taken bodily from the idyllic *Fioretti*, so utterly absent is the modern, matter-of-fact, materialistic atmosphere. In her introduction she strikes the true keynote when she describes, in language touching in its simplicity, how "Francis works miracles still at Assisi."

> In the evening we lay on our balcony at the *Subasio*, when the moon was up and yet there was daylight in the sky. . . . . A touch of gold on this hill top, of white on that, marked Perugia and other high-set towns. The line of the mountains carried one's eye along, and back it came by the blessed valley below, where color and sound were linked in softness and in calm. An exquisite harmony, unforgetable—but only landscape after all, to stir the artist within us. Then a turn of the eye showed us the gate and the winding of the road down to St. Mary of the Angels. Suddenly before us came the old scene—the litter carried gently by grey-frocked brothers, the poor haggard man in it, lifting his face and bidding them halt

. . . [and] turn him round again toward the town he had left, and saying while they stood—"'Blessed be thou of God, O holy city, seeing that through thee shall many souls be saved, and in thee shall dwell many servants of the Lord; and out of thee shall many be chosen for the kingdom of eternal life.' And having said these words, he let them carry him on to St. Mary of the Angels." We heard their steps down the road in the quiet evening, went with them, of them, grieving as they . . And suddenly it was no "scene." The valley rocked with fresh grief and our hearts were wrung. . . . Francis was there, the living man, and the eyes of strangers from another land of thought and feeling were rendered less gross that they might see him. He was never one to keep himself among the elect and worthy. Since then he has been something to the strangers outside Umbria. And so, in gratitude, this book, which every good lover of his must think poor homage, is yet laid on his shrine in confidence."

Miss McDonell shows in this passage her powers of picturesque narrative. The body of the book does not falsify the promise of the introduction. Brother Giles, the mystic; Salimbene, the "Friar Tuck" of his day; Brother Bernard, the sober merchant; the shy Ruffino; the knightly Angelo; Leo, most like St. Francis, combining the gentle tenderness of a woman with the righteous anger of a reformer (shown when he shattered in pieces the handsome vase in which Brother Elias was collecting money); the serious John of Parma who walked so faithfully in the footsteps of his spiritual Father, striving to observe his rule in all its self-sacrifice, poverty, and other worldliness, *ad literam;* Brother Elias himself, the clever, unscrupulous worldling, but a saint *manqué;* are made to stand out on the canvas with the startling reality of life. We have seldom read a more vivid human portraiture than the presentment of the true character of St. Francis. Miss McDonell succeeds in bringing home to the most carnal and unsympathetic reader the strange charm of that wonderful life—most nearly of all lives approaching the perfection of the Incarnate Life—of heart-felt love for the humblest of God's creatures (bearing in its train a freedom from the unsatisfied cravings, the bitter envyings of *other* men), mirrored in the opinions and characters of his immediate friends and followers.

Together with this singular power of bringing from the grave St. Francis and his disciples, the authoress shows a true sympathy for their peculiar *ethos* that stands her in good stead when she constructs for modern readers their several characters.

Her book abounds in clever contrasts, but even the darkest shades are lit up by a psychological insight into the hidden workings of the human heart that robs them of much of their seeming disparity. Thus

she paints Brother Elias in the worst form; perhaps the realism of her narrative is never more unsparing than in his case. Yet one feels that she can make allowances for him, recognize his natural gifts, however warped from their true purpose, and even praise the effects of his policy. She makes us see in him no unscrupulous diplomatist or depraved worldling, dead to every thought unconcerned with money-making, but an energetic statesman, a born leader of men, who used the tools provided by Francis to shape what he conceived to be the best interests of the Order, which he joined in a moment of religious enthusiasm without any real apprehension of its spirit. She goes so far as to say that "had there been no Elias . . . there would have been no Franciscan Order; but a loose company of spiritual men in many lands would have looked to [Francis] as their father. His spiritual following would have been the same. . . . But he would have had no *réclame*, and, saint as he was, he might not have been canonized —though to the Umbrians he must have been *beato*."

In the same passage Miss McDonell attempts to show that St. Francis differed in one important particular from the founders of other religious orders—from St. Dominic or St. Ignatius—namely, that, unlike them, he contented himself with outlining the spirit which he himself actualized. He was no organizer of a *quasi* military body, nor does he seem to have contemplated an "Order" in the later sense of the term at all.

> "He was responsible for its main features and its mighty impulse came from him. But that he formed it, such as it has ever been at any day after it could be called an organization . . . is far from the truth. . . . He was quite incapable of forming the complicated machine the Minorite Body became. Not that he was wanting in will, or clearness of aim, or a sense of the value of discipline. . . . But see him fumbling over all the rules, save the few verses from the Gospels that made the first. He never saw the use of any other. He had the deepest horror of formality and pedantry."

The "rule" drawn up by St. Francis was, in fact, the very reverse of the military "red-book" of Loyola. His companions were told to live "by the rule, which was the Gospel, and not of him. . . He was not their jailor. Every . . . direction he gave was for spiritual incitement. He would fain have had them free men. He could not, but also he would not, organize and administer even a large body of men by complicated rules."

The chief (indeed the only serious) fault we have to find with Miss McDonell's book is the number of repetitions, both of incidents

and of personal characteristics, involved in her plan of treating each of her subjects separately, which has the effect of obscuring the historical sequence of event in the gradual evolution of the Order. But that defect, inevitable under the circumstances, is more than counterbalanced by the evidence of serious study at the fountain-head of early Franciscan literature which the book abundantly displays—not to speak of its other excellent qualities already mentioned. It should appeal with peculiar force to an age that no less an authority than Mr. Paul Sabatier has recently declared[2] to be preëminently fitted for the reception of Franciscan ideas.

THE MEANING OF THE IDYLLS OF THE KING. An Essay in Interpretation. By Condé Benoist Pallen, LL.D., author of "The Philosophy of Literature," "Epochs of Literature," etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company. 1904.

The several complete poems of Lord Tennyson, concerning themselves with King Arthur of the *Round Table,* eleven or twelve in number, are characterized by a common title: "The Idylls of the King." View them as one may, they perforce are unified by a relationship of color derived from the gracious purposes of King Arthur, and such indisputable unity warrants their being classed under this generic title. But the student of literature, and especially the admirer of Tennyson's poetry, may well ask himself if it is naught but this slender thread that holds these exquisite poems together, or if, perchance, there does not lie beneath the joyous affluence of rich portrayal of knight and lady, venture and chivalry's reward, a deeper significance; one the careless sense may easily ignore, but whose stimulating aroma is keenly perceived and relished by him who plumbs the depths of their poetic meaning to find therein the ethereal essence of the poems' fuller being?

Doctor Condé Benoist Pallen answers this query with a very emphatic affirmation. For him, there is this higher mystic significance, which escapes an untutored eye, yet enhances all the charm which meets such eye while transcending it. Doctor Pallen has been an ardent admirer and serious student of Tennyson for years, and brings to the consideration of his poetry, more especially those rich and multi-colored chordings of his muse which draw their beauty from the

[2] In his lecture, in London, on "St. Francis and the Twentieth Century," published in *Contemporary Review* (England) for December, 1902.

Arthurian legend, a native poetic sensibility strengthened to keener insight by deep study. Those who read the interesting pages of his *Meaning of the Idylls of the King* will necessarily feel the cogency of the reasons he adduces in support of this higher conception of them.

Before perusing them at all, the *fac-simile* of an autograph letter to the writer from Lord Tennyson himself will very naturally go far to persuade one of this, since in that letter the poet, after thanking Dr. Pallen for a graceful and comprehensive article on the *Idylls* which appeared in the pages of an American magazine, adds: "You see further into their meaning than most of my commentators have done." Whether it was entirely to Tennyson's satisfaction that so gratifying an encomium should be due to the ardent insight of a young American need not be inquired into; that it was a compliment of the highest order calls for no investigation, and it also warrants the point of view from which Doctor Pallen regards the *Idylls*, and which he sets forth with as much enthusiasm as lucidity in this "Essay in Interpretation."

Beginning with "The Epic," he shows that Tennyson early had thought of writing an Arthurian Epic, which should embody a great truth as well as illumine the exploits of the mystic, pure King. Then Tennyson's Epilogue to the Idylls says that they should be accepted as "Shadowing Sense at war with Soul, rather than that gray King, whose name, a ghost streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak," etc.

Doctor Pallen holds, therefore, that the Idylls are "a luminous message of purity"—to an age that sadly needs exhortation thereto—a message which they who desire cleanness of heart will accept with grateful joy. In other words, the Idylls simply chant of the old, old story of the conflict between good and evil in man's soul. The perversion in artistic ideals to-day, or rather the setting-up, as things of worth for the poet's song or the painter's picturing, of gross material aims, which have not beauty, which have not truth, and hence must degrade instead of elevate, make such elevation on the part of the late poet-laureate a noble as well as artistic undertaking.

The key to the Idylls, then, is the subjugation of the base in man and the evocation of the good, and this better man who is to be the outcome is personified in King Arthur. He is symbol of the power that cleanses man, and paradigm of the man purged of evil and established high in goodness.

After establishing clearly and eloquently this view of the inner meaning of the Idylls, which transforms them, as light within a figured

crystal vase makes it a different and more beautiful thing, though its form remains unchanged, Doctor Pallen takes up the Idylls in their logical sequence, and with great thoroughness and perspicuity unfolds the gracious leaves of verse and buds of metaphor to bring to view the jewel of lofty meaning which flashes within those delicate enclosures. No longer superb cerements for a dead thing, they become setting for pearls of great price.

Some of the Idylls are more strongly marked by this mystic meaning—such as "Gareth and Lynette," "Merlin and Vivien," and in lesser degree, "Peleas and Etarre" and "Balin and Balan," while "The Coming" and "The Passing" of the Good King are explicitly mystical and demand some theory of esoteric trend to be justified as thoroughly worthy works of art. The minute and yet coherent elucidation of this inner sense which elevates the literal one to so much more exalted a plane which Doctor Pallen applies, is a very harmonious one, too sane and convincing when read to be called ingenious, though it well deserves to be styled intuitional.

Such a work reflects most creditably on the author's appreciation of Tennyson and warrants the Laureate's laudation, little prone as his reserved nature was to eulogy. It will make these exquisite Idylls a greater intellectual pleasure than they would otherwise be, splendid and luring as they are without it. Once grasped, it will be impossible for the reader of them ever to consider them except in this gracious elucidation. In this sense Doctor Pallen's work is not mere criticism; it may be truly regarded as coöperative in the æsthetic structure of the Idylls. Those most appreciative of Lord Tennyson's poetic worth will be the most grateful and charmed by such an interpretation of them.

JOHN J. A'BECKET.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE MOTHER OF GOD. An Exposition by Archbishop Ullathorne. Revised by Canon Iles, D.D., and with an Introduction by the Bishop of Birmingham. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904.

Although the late Archbishop Ullathorne was a master writer, as well as a master theologian, his work on the *Immaculate Conception*, written in 1854, was not quite to his own satisfaction, and when he found that it was in much demand, since it at once obtained a large circulation, he set about revising the volume. Before he was able to complete the task, he was called to heaven. The increased interest in

the study of the subject of the Immaculate Conception, due to the coming Golden Jubilee of its dogmatic definition, has induced Bishop Ilsley, the heir of the original author's episcopal responsibilities, to procure the complete revision desired. The work has been ably done by Canon Iles, who nevertheless states that he was not in every case able to verify the quotations, many of which we fancy share the anonymity of the old masters, since they loved to work and write unknown, leaving it to the doubtful editorship of later days to label the products of their genius and devotion.

The book is already known in its general contents which consider the title of the office and dignity of the Mother of God whereon the fitness of the Immaculate Conception rests its fundamental claim. The author shows in what sense we are to understand the Mystery of the Immaculate Conception, traces its development through the laws of gradation in perfection, meets the objections that might be urged against it, and registers the voices that have proclaimed it throughout the ages of the Christian Church from Apostolic days, which find their last concordant expression in the solemn definition of the Council, reëchoed in the present year of Jubilee. The Index and Scripture references make the volume of practical use for preaching and instruction. The typographical arrangement is exceptionally good and befitting the noble theme.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS declared Blessed by Pope Leo XIII in 1886 and 1895, written by Fathers of the Oratory, of the Secular Clergy, and of the Society of Jesus. Completed and edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Volume I, Martyrs under Henry VIII. London: Burns & Oates; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 547.

A history of the English Martyrs was projected by the Fathers of the London Oratory in 1886. Father Edward Keogh was the first to take up the work, and he had completed a number of the Lives when in the following October he died. The late Father Richard Stanton succeeded to the task and was assisted by Father Sebastian Bowden to whom we owe in particular the biography of Blessed Edmund Campion. The next to put hand and heart to the work was the Jesuit Father, John Morris, who completed the Lives of Blessed John Forest, the Franciscan Observant, and of Blessed Adrian Fortescue, Knight of St. John. On the sudden death, in 1893, of Father Morris the manuscripts passed to Father John Pollen, S.J., who, in 1899, turned

over the entire material to the present editor, Dom Bede Camm, although he acted as the ultimate reviser and corrector of the whole book.

The immediate scope of this series of Lives embraces the story of the beatified martyrs who suffered death under Henry VIII and Elizabeth. The whole is completed in two volumes, of which the first—the present one—ends with the execution of BB. John Larke, a secular priest, and German Gardiner, a layman, at Tyburn, in 1545. The second volume, now in press, completes the list of Beatified; but there is further material for the history of the martyrs thus far declared only Venerable.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Affair at the Inn: Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, "Allan McAulay" (Charlotte Stuart). *Houghton.* $1.25.

Each one of the four characters describes the events taking place at a Devonshire inn at which they met by chance, and remained until the pretty American and a Scottish baronet exchanged hearts. Harmless and agreeable fun characterizes the stories.

Balthazar the Magus: A. Van der Naillen. *Fenno.* $1.50.

An attack on the Church, masked by elaborate defences, of the theosophic-astral-occult species, and by an audaciously borrowed fragment of science. The hero, a Jesuit, goes to the Magus for something more satisfying than Christianity can give him, and after certain blasphemous performances accompanies an American archbishop on a journey to the European capitals. They are profoundly scandalized by the prevalent degeneracy which they discern in the Church, but the Archbishop is joyously confident of redemption through a mysterious "Americanism." The blunders in ecclesiastical matters are almost as absurd as the pseudo-science of the author.

Castle Comedy: Thompson Buchanan. *Harper.* $2.00.

A carefully cheerful and theatrical story of a French nobleman who comes in humble guise to the home of his English kinsman, and wooes and carries off the daughter of the house, after fighting a duel with her betrothed. Colored pictures and borders in color, an ornamented title-page and elaborate cover make a pretty gift-book, but the story suggests diluted "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Cathedrals of England: Mary J. Taber. *Page.* $1.60 *net.*

Excellent pictures after photographs of the cathedrals, informal descriptions, and histories written with an eye to the picturesque, and anecdotes of bishops compose this work which is designed for the lay reader, to whom the author ingenuously offers an appendix "In Explanation" defining the words used in describing a cathedral. She is evidently a Protestant who has not sought information from Catholic sources and occasionally falls into large errors in small matters.

Cathedrals of Southern France: Francis Miltoun. *Page.* $1.60 *net.*

Sketches, half historical, half descriptive and not always accurate, form the text of this book, but it has appendices containing the plans, dimensions, chronology of each cathedral, lists of dioceses past and present, and other supplementary matter. Its strong point is a series of about sixty excellent drawings by Miss Blanche McManus, reproduced by a new process which very well preserves the effect of the original medium. The ground has never before been covered in one volume.

Fergy the Guide: H. S. Canfield. *Holt.* $1.50.

Fergy, otherwise Ferguson, is a deliberate, unabashed falsifier, accurate in his specifications as to the weight and size of imaginary entities, and as to the length and height of the jumps, leaps, marches, and journeys which he has effected, and he is exceedingly amusing.

Fountains Abbey: George Hodges. *Dutton.* $3.00 *net.*

A valuable study of the interesting ruin now in possession of Lord Ripon. The pictures are admirable, and the text is a curious illustration of the effect produced upon a devout Protestant by a brief residence near this ancient foundation and examination of its records and traditions. The author is Dean of the Episcopalian Theological School at Harvard University.

Georgians: Will N. Harben. *Harper.* $1.50.

The chief character, dissenting from many of the articles of belief held by the Protestant Church, to which he belongs, practises the broadest charity, and by virtue of great shrewdness wields much influence. The plot has great originality, the story includes many highly amusing episodes and is true to the actualities of rustic life in Georgia. The quaint heterodoxy of many of the personages forbids unreserved recommendation.

Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics: Frederic Lawrence Knowles. *Page.* $1.50.

A reprint of a small anthology issued some seven years ago, and now illustrated with thirty-two portraits of American authors. It is printed and bound with good taste, and as a collection is unique in containing only such matter as is described in its title.

Green Diamond: Arthur Morrison. *Page.* $1.50.

A tale of a stolen gem for which unscrupulous Indian Mohammedans and scoundrelly Englishmen contend, while an honest Englishman attempts to recover it. The scheme for concealing the stone is highly ingenious and makes its discovery a matter of so many surprising episodes, that the story, although complete, does not exhaust half of them.

Hound from the North: Ridgwell Cullum. *Page.* $1.50.

A miner, being robbed of a year's earnings by Indians who drug him, uses the same drug to rob government officials carrying gold, and later kills one of them lest his theft should be revealed, and attempts to throw suspicion upon an innocent man who cannot defend himself because he is a smuggler and cannot safely go into court. The story contains many novel features.

Jess & Co.: J. J. Bell. *Harper.* $1.25.

An indolent young joiner with a taste for gardening and his energetic wife are the chief personages; the processes by which she moulded and improved him furnish the principal interest, and her sharp-tongued yet kindly aunt, her queer suitor, and a meddlesome spinster add amusing quality. Scots of a mitigated Glasgow variety is the dialect of all the characters but the heroine.

Journalism and Literature: H. W. Boynton. *Houghton.* $1.25 *net.*

Fifteen essays embodying opinions expressed in the author's *Atlantic Monthly* criticisms, but new in form. They urge the choice of the best in reading and study, and are written quietly but with all necessary energy and make a little volume of good criticism.

Knitting of the Souls: Maude Clark Gay. *Lee.* $1.50.

The nephew of Governor Bellingham is the hero, the heroine the wife of one of the royal commissioners sent to examine into the affairs of Massachusetts. The two hold similar opinions, and regard themselves as linked by this sympathy, but resist temptation and are left as wedded lovers. "King Philip" plays an important part in their story, which is carefully written.

Ladder of Swords: Gilbert Parker. *Harper.* $1.50.

The heroine, a Huguenot at the court of Elizabeth of England, manages to bring both her lover's affairs and her own to a happy ending. Many speeches actually made, and many scenes recorded

by the historian are introduced into the narrative, but the picture of Elizabeth is grossly flattered.

Last Hope: Henry Seton Merriman. *Scribner*. $1.50.

A putative grandson of Louis XVI, the son of the child of the Temple alleged to have been rescued, is brought before the French Royalists as their rightful king and is accepted by them. He doubts the authenticity of the chief piece of evidence, but partly lends himself to the scheme, foreseeing that the Prince-President is unlikely to lead France to happiness or even to glory. The story ends artistically, and is upon the whole the best of its author's novels.

Letters which Never Reached Him: Anonymous. *E. P. Dutton*. $1.50.

Sentimental, prettily written letters from the wife of a hopelessly insane man to one whom she knows to be her silent lover. The news of his death comes to her not long after her husband dies and all her letters are found lying at a post-office. The book is written for those with sufficient time, patience, and knowledge to read the signs of feeling scattered through the letters.

Order No. 11: Caroline Abbott Stanley. *Century*. $1.50.

A military order compelling all Southern sympathizers living in a certain district in Missouri to leave their homes, is the last of a long series of troubles falling upon a typical Southern family. The pillagers on both sides and the private quarrels of Kansan and Missourian are described at some length, and also the intrigues abounding in Missouri at that period.

Picaroons: Gelette Burgess and W. Irving. *McClure*. $1.50.

The mad adventures related by four waifs who meet under strange circumstances, and succeeding adventures encountered singly or in groups are ingeniously shaped into a story which ends leaving all of them fairly well inclined. One of them speaks a cockney dialect of extraordinary difficulty and the author spares his readers no letter of it.

President: Alfred Henry Lewis. *Barnes*. $1.50.

A young millionaire conceals his riches by entrusting all his affairs to his English butler whom society mistakes for a wondrous genius, and thus he obtains an opportunity to woo a Senator's niece. His rival is a Russian count whom he attempts to drive from the field by ruining him financially, and the result of the achievement is a successful attempt to rob the United States Treasury, but at last the tale comes to a happy and. A shadowy resemblance to recent history is used to deepen the reader's interest.

Seeker: Harry Leon Wilson. *Doubleday*. $1.50.

The reader's sympathy is assiduously directed toward a skeptic whose doubts are equally mingled with blasphemy and bad logic, all possible good moral

qualities being bestowed upon him. His believing grandfather is hard and cold; his apparently believing brother is intellectually shallow and vain, and morally hypocritical. The characters and even the collocation of characters are possible, but the author's treatment of them makes the book highly mischievous.

Sequil: Henry A. Shute. *Everett.* $1.00.

This continuation of "The Diary of a Real Boy" contains entries long enough for a Pepys, although the writer has not learned to spell or to use the capital "I." The spelling is uniform, although incorrect, and this is manifestly unnatural. The boy's doings are entirely lacking in originality, and belong to the *Danbury News* stratum of American humor.

Turk: Opie Read. *Laird.* $1.50.

Hot doctrinal disputes, in which the unbeliever is always triumphant, occupy much space in the story, and the author's evident bias is toward Universalism. As a picture of life in the Border States before and during the war and of the development of the hero's simple character the book is excellent, although its style lacks ease, but its defence of Christianity is as weak as its angry attacks upon it.

Vergilius: Irving T. Bacheller. *Harper.* $1.50.

A Roman of the time of Augustus is exhibited as feeling, thinking and talking in the spirit of the eighteenth century, and as loving a girl who conducts herself like an ill-bred New York girl well-read in French novels. Augustus Cæsar is pictured with some skill; Herod and his household are caricatured, and Jerusalem is shown as honeycombed by conspiracies conducted in a Masonic manner. The story ends with the birth of Our Lord, and the scene of the first Christmas morn is described with extraordinary futility.

Wings and No Eyes: Philip Crutcher. *Grafton.* $1.50.

An ignorant travelling salesman buys a bookshop in a country town, and hearing that a successful and eccentric novelist lives near declares that he will marry her. His unsuccessful courtship, and the vagaries of two girls unable to decide which of two men they desire to marry, compose the story, which the author interrupts at brief intervals to make dull and affected comments.

Juvenile.

American Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt: Edward Stratemeyer. *Lee.* $1.25.

Personal traits and achievements exclude politics from this book, which is chiefly illustrated by portraits. The spirit is better than the style. [Ten to thirteen years of age.]

Book of Little Boys: Helen Dawes Brown. *Houghton.* $1.00.

Four pictures with borders packed with the objects men-

tioned in four stories, and ten stories without pictures, all telling of boys not too good to endanger their health and good enough to associate with any boy. [Four to eight.]

Boy Courier of Napoleon: W. C. Sprague. *Lee.* $1.50.

A mythical French drummer-boy's adventures at Hohenlinden, in the First Consul's Court, and in San Domingo and Louisiana, with a plain narrative of the purchase of Louisiana. The book partly corrects the anachronism of the title. [Ten to thirteen.]

Cat Tales: E. Nesbit. *Dutton.* $0.25.

Bright, humorous stories, cleverly illustrated and excellently written. [Six to ten.]

Dorothy Dainty at School: Amy Brooks. *Lee.* $1.00.

A chapter in the life of a rich little girl, introducing a silly, pretentious child, and the recovery of a friend stolen to be made a stage-dancer. The author illustrates the book very prettily. [Six to ten.]

Honor Girl: Evelyn Raymond. *Lee.* $1.50.

A college course won by scholarship attracts the heroine less than her duty to her family, and she is rewarded by being able to help every member of it. [Ten to fifteen.]

Joel, a Boy of Galilee: Annie Fellowes Johnson. *Page.* $1.50.

A reprint with many good illustrations of the story of a cripple healed by our Lord. It lacks the indefinable touch given by Catholicity, but is tender and reverent in intention.

Josephine: Ellen Douglas Deland. *Harper.* $1.25.

Two girl cousins coming almost unannounced into a family of boys and causing much heart-burning at first, become very dear to the whole circle. The author insinuates gentle warnings against boldness and coquetry. [Ten to fifteen.]

Laurel Token: Annie M. Barnes. *Lee.* $1.25.

The Yamasou rising in South Carolina, 1715–16, serves as a background for an innocent love story, including a little fun and many acts of heroism. [Twelve to sixteen.]

Little Cousin Series. Little Jewish Cousin: Mary Hazleton Wade. **Little Canadian Cousin**: Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald. *Page.* $0.50.

Six full-page pictures in colors illustrate these books, of which the former describes a brother and sister living in Jerusalem of the present day, and learning of the ancient glories and sorrows of their race. The latter book lightly defines the different conditions in the several provinces. [Six to eight.]

Long Bridge Boys: W. O. Stoddard. *Lothrop.* $1.25.

Secession and Union sympathy are represented by the two heroes, one of whom discovers and thwarts a plot to capture Mr.

Lincoln immediately after his first inauguration. The unsettled condition of the popular mind in 1860 is excellently described. [Ten to fourteen.]

Making the Nine: A. T. Dudley. *Lee.* $1.25.

Valuable baseball hints and pithy fragments of moral teaching thickly sprinkled in a good story of life at a boys' preparatory school. [Eight to twelve.]

New World Fairy Book: Howard Angus Kennedy. *Dutton.* $2.00.

A pretty quarto excellently interesting and chiefly filled with Indian stories told by a hard-working modern Indian to a young pale-face. They abound in common sense, although highly amusing. [Six to ten.]

Phyllis's Field Friends. Little Animals: Lenore E. Mulets. *Page.* $1.00.

Six excellent pictures in black and green present some of the animals. The others figure in stories, and in talks with the heroine, and are scientifically described. [Six to twelve.]

Stories of Brave Old Times: Helen M. Cleveland. *Lee.* $1.25.

Effective although too abruptly phrased stories of Washington, Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Allen, Hancock, and other patriots, and of Arnold and André. Admirably illustrated, and bound in buff and blue. [Eight to fifteen.]

Tales of a Poultry Farm: Clara D. Piersen. *Dutton.* $1.00 *net.*

Short stories in which fowls talk, and their ways are descibed with accuracy. The style is disfigured by such phrases as "visit with." [Six to eight.]

Taming of Betty: Cally Ryland. *Lee.* $1.00.

Betty is unruly and addicted to practical jokes; her mother is a hypochondriac, her father indifferent to her, and school will not tame her and typhoid has to come to the rescue. [Ten to twelve.]

Young Vigilantes: Samuel Adams Drake. *Lee.* $1.25.

A well-written and historically accurate description of the California of the "gold fever" days, with some account of strangely made fortunes. [Ten to fourteen.]

Yours with all my Heart: Esther M. Baxendale. *Page.* $1.50.

The autobiography of an Italian greyhound whose self-praise is often unintentionally funny but easily forgiven by a dog lover. The illustrations are half-tones from excellent photographs, and gentleness and kindness are taught by example. [Eight to any age.]

Literary Chat.

At last Father Sheehan, the parish priest of Doneraile, now Doctor and Canon, whom it was our privilege to introduce to the reading world at large by the publication in our pages of *My New Curate* and *Luke Delmege*, and later by the philosophical reflections, *Under the Cedars and the Stars*, which appeared in THE DOLPHIN —is going to give us a new story of that delightful type of Irish life of which he has proved himself the unequalled master by reason of the fresh air of the priestly genius breathing through his writing. And of course the new serial will first appear in THE DOLPHIN.

Although introduced by a priest, the genial pastor of *Glenanaar*, from which place the story takes its name, the plot is that of a romance with an historical setting in which the great Liberator, O'Connell, and other well-known personages of the same period figure. The narrative opens with the appearance in his native town of an Irish lad who, after having spent twenty years in America, returns as a Yankee in appearance, but with his heart full of the love for the old sod and the Colleen Bawn whom he had left because he deemed himself unworthy of her. It is a beautiful story, full of the pathos and wit, which like mist and sunshine so aptly combine to produce the rainbow glories of the Irish character.

Some one asks: "Is *Glenanaar* a real town or a fiction?" Not precisely a fiction though not a town or village. There is near the boundary of Limerick and Cork, five miles south of Kilfinane, a fine valley which bears the popular name *Glenanair*, that is to say, the "glen of slaughter," because here a great battle was fought in defence of Erin's liberties. There are similar names to be found all over Ireland, such as Glenane, Glenaun, Glenaree (valley of the king), and Glennageare or Gleann-na-geaer (glen of the berries).

Mr. Henry Van Dyke has some fine things in his article on *The School of Life* in the current (October) *Harper's Magazine*. He pleads for serious reading, that will educate not only the reader but those with whom he or she comes in contact:

"I want books not to pass the time, but to fill it with beautiful thoughts and images, to enlarge my world, to give me new friends in the spirit, to purify my ideals and make them clear, to show me the local color of unknown regions and the bright stars of immortal truth.

"I wish to go abroad, to hear new messages, to meet new people, to get a fresh point of view, to revisit other ages, to listen to the oracles of Delphi and drink deep of the springs of Pieria. The only writer who can tell me anything of real value about my familiar environment is the genius who shows me that, after all, it is not familiar, but strange, crowded with secrets unguessed and possibilities unrealized.

"The two things best worth writing about in poetry and fiction are the symbols of nature and the passions of the human heart. I want also an essayist who will

clarify life by gentle illumination and lambent humor; a philosopher who will help me see the reason of things apparently unreasonable; a historian who will show me how peoples have risen and fallen; and a biographer who will let me touch the hand of the great and the good. This is the magic of literature. This is how real books help to educate us in the School of Life."

Etienne Dumont, whose *Souvenir sur Mirabeau* has just appeared in English translation (Putnam's Sons) by Lady Seymour, recalls numerous political incidents from the days of the "Declaration of the Rights of Man" which might serve in a sketch of the present democratic rule in France. Historians will some day point out the imbecility of the leaders who sway the destiny of France to-day with all the glamour and false *réclame* of which the Parisian *regisseurs de théâtre* are masters. Says Dumont: "The prevailing characteristic of the French is conceit; every member of the Assembly considered himself capable of undertaking everything. If you proposed to the first hundred men you met in the streets of Paris, and to the same number in the streets of London, to undertake the charge of the Government, ninety-nine of them would accept in Paris and ninety-nine would refuse in London."

Mr. C. S. Devas writes a very thoughtful paper in this issue under the somewhat startling title, *Is Democracy Bankrupt?* We may assure the prospective reader that this is not a political campaign document, but rather a study in economic and social science which calls for the attention of educated men who are interested in the welfare of our Republic. An honest statesman might choose to differ from the author, but he cannot afford to ignore the arguments of the ethical philosopher where they rest upon logical deductions. Mr. Devas is an Oxford man, the author of *Groundwork of Economics*, and has contributed to the Stonyhurst series of text-books in philosophy the volume on *Political Economy*. His *Studies of Family Life* among the various historical nationalities is a most interesting as well as instructive contribution to the literature on Social Science, which deserves to be reprinted.

An American lady, president of the *National Congress of Mothers*, has something practical to say on the subject of marriage and divorce. She lays down the following precepts for different classes of people, which, if somewhat drastic in form and difficult to carry out, commend themselves as being sound in principle.

Begin at the beginning by teaching children the real meaning and sacredness of marriage.

Teach them that it is a permanent relation for life, or nothing.

Enlighten girls as to their duty as future wives and mothers.

Impress upon boys the fact that marriage is the holiest bond in life.

Never advise girls to marry for any other motive than love.

Money should be strictly ruled out of the marriage consideration. Character is the chief requisite.

Make re-marriage for divorced people impossible.

Ostracize absolutely divorced couples who re-marry.

Let ministers all over the country unite to refuse sanction to such marriages.

Let unhappily mated pairs focus every effort to making the best of the situation.

Let impossibly mated couples separate, but not re-marry.

Let parents, teachers, clergymen, legislators, and all reformers unite to utterly discourage the evil and stamp it out of the country.

Mr. Orby Shipley, the veteran hymnologist, has transmitted to THE DOLPHIN an elaborate essay in comparative hymnology by Mr. C. F. S. Warren, M.A., entitled "Notes on the *Dies Irae* and its English Versions." Mr. Warren and Mr. Brooke collaborated in the preparation of the excellent list of translations of the great Hymn into English which appears in the *Dictionary of Hymnology*. To the same scholar's long labors in collecting versions of the Hymn Mr. Shipley acknowledged indebtedness for references, in the latter's now classical essay on "Fifty Versions of Dies Irae," which appeared in the *Dublin Review* in 1883. Mr. Warren's extended essay will appear serially in THE DOLPHIN, commencing with the November issue.

Father John B. Tabb writes to us: "In the Literary Chat of your current issue, Mr. Lowell is quoted as using the worn *glimpsed* in an active sense where in each instance it is evidently passive. 'Glimpsed in fair weather,' 'Glimpsed in passing' surely means 'seen' and not 'saw' in such circumstances."

Father Tabb seems to have misapprehended the question at issue, which is not one of the technical *naming*, in grammar, of a certain part of speech, but the *meaning* of the verb itself. Professor Stockley complained of the use of the verb "to glimpse" in a transitive sense. "One is not happy," he wrote, "at 'to glimpse' = to catch a glimpse of, even if it is Chaucer English." A passive participle (glimpsed, or "seen in passing") implies an active transitive meaning in the verb itself. The verb "to glimpse" is also used intransitively; but it is very clear that the meaning is different in that use, while "to glimpse" = "to see in passing" is the transitive sense in which Lowell uses it in the quotation referred to by Father Tabb. The *Century* Dictionary, indeed, under the heading of "glimpse, trans." gives the very participle "glimpsed" as the *first illustration* of the verb used transitively. It gives another illustration (from *Science*) of the verb transitive, "glimpsing." It also gives "glimpsed" = "saw" and another illustration of "glimpsed" = "seen." All of these four illustrations occur as illustrations of "glimpse" used *transitively*.

Probably there has never before assembled a body of scholars quite so representative of the present status of secular philosophy as that which at this writing is gathered together at the St. Louis Exposition (September 19–25). The general purpose of the International Congress of Arts and Sciences is to aid in the unification of knowledge by bringing into personal contact a large number of specialists in all branches of science. Philosophy occupies the position of Department I in the division of normative science. The speaker for the Division is Professor Royce of Harvard, Ladd of Yale and Howison of California being the speakers for the Department. The Sections of Philosophy are represented by the most eminent workers in that field. To mention only a few of the best known, there is Otto Pfleiderer of Berlin, in the *Philosophy of Religion;* Windelband (Heidelberg), in that of *Logic;* Benno Erdmann (Bonn), in that of *Methodology; Ethics* has such scholars as Palmer (Harvard), and Sorley (Cambridge, England); *Aesthetics* has Tufts (Chicago), and Dessoir (Berlin); *General Psychology* has Strong (Columbia), Hoeffding (Copenhagen), and Ward (Cambridge); *Experimental Psychology* is presided over by Dr. Pace (Washington), and has for speakers Ebbinghaus (Breslau), and Titchener (Cornell). *Comparative Psychology* is under the headship of Sanford (Clark University)

and Lloyd Morgan (University College, Bristol), whilst *Abnormal Psychology* has so distinguished a scholar as Pierre Janet amongst its speakers. It were, of course, too much to expect that the coöperation of even these luminous minds and their hardly less notable associates will result in a very marked unification of philosophy; their habitual divergence of view can hardly be brought into convergence within a week. Still the grouping of so much light even for so short a time is not unlikely to result in a wide radiation at least through the publication of the addresses and discussions.

Critics of English speech who stand for correct expression are apt to overstrain the demands of good form in language to the entire exclusion of usage, which also claims its rights. We all know that there are certain direct violations in writing and speech of the canons of æsthetic science and of grammar, which nevertheless everybody condones because nobody takes them literally. Thus we speak of sun-rises when we mean earth-turnings, or we tell a child in a railway car to "look out" when we mean "look in." The following conversation, overheard in a telephone station, is quoted by a recent writer as an illustration of the peculiarities of conversational expressions. B. A. (at the telephone): "Good morning, Mrs. ——. I'd like to speak to Mr. —— for a moment."

Mrs. ——: "I'm sorry, Mr. ——, but my husband isn't down yet."

B. A. (*inquiringly*): "Isn't down yet?"

Mrs. ——: "I mean he isn't up yet. I'm letting him sleep late this morning; he was so down last evening over his office troubles that he was about ready to give up. He says he'll be down as soon as he gets up."

Similarly amusing and confusing is the following doggerel printed under the title of "Vapid Vaporings," in which odd suspension is created by the misplaced punctuation:

"In his court King Charles was standing on his head a golden crown,
And his royal brow was wrinkled in a most portentous frown.
Fifty courtiers entered walking on their hands were jewels bright,
Set in rings of gold and silver, what a rare and splendid sight;
Four and twenty noble ladies, proud and fair and ten feet long
Were the trains that flowed behind them borne by pages stout and strong.
See the Queen how sad and tearful, as the King cuts off her head
One bright tress of hair, at parting, and she wishes she were dead."

The new woman, and the Club woman whose conquering career was first interrupted by Mr. Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread*, have suffered worse attacks in *The Woman Errant*, and *Confessions of a Club Woman*, in which women are advised to remain at home, and are shown as very unpleasing persons in their club; and these books are written by women. *The Singular Miss Smith*, and *The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whitaker*, although less serious than the other three books, are similar in sentiment. Can it be that the down-trodden slaves of the female suffragists of a generation ago regret their chains? Meantime, the women who have entered politics by way of the School Board are showing great capacity for "log-rolling," jobbery, and all the other tricks of the trade, and are transforming the male members of the boards into the most rigid of anti-female suffragists.

A proverb in the New England vernacular testifies, "A minister's son and a deacon's daughter always do as they hadn't oughter," and the sons of British divines often seem to be insensible to their fathers' theology. The brilliancy of the younger Arnold would have been small solace to his father, had he lived to read the wailings of the *Saturday Review's* "Elegant Jeremiah;" but perhaps a more flagrant instance is afforded by Mr. E. L. Benson, the son of a late Archbishop of Canterbury. Beginning with a book, possibly excusable as a description of an existing type but deplorable in its evident intention, and in the worst of bad taste, he seemed to repent, and has since produced nothing exactly of the same sort; but his *The Challoners* is full of ironies to one who keeps the writer's parentage in mind. The real hero of this book is an excellent Anglican clergyman, so unfortunate as to be unable to lead his own children in the path of righteousness as he sees it. His son, a musician, becomes a Catholic, for instance, and his daughter insists on marrying an infidel. These things, as Dr. Ward said, "might happen to any one," but what is the reason which the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury thinks sufficient ground for a convert's reception by the Church? The youth was hungry for beauty; he was pained by his father's objections to the secular music of Wagner as an accompaniment to the church service; he wanted color and various other things. So he said he was going to the Church of Rome, apparently in search of things that his soul loved. Mr. Benson refrains from giving his interview with the priest, to whom he went for instruction, and this is a pity. It would be interesting to know what a Protestant thinks a priest would say to such a "convert."

Mr. W. L. Alden, speaking of the literary standard represented by a certain high order of fiction cultivated by the present generation of educated readers, says: "We claim for what we consider a higher order of fiction—that which is mainly of psychical interest, which touches vibrant and throbbing human life in its intimate recesses and deep involvements, and which discloses the truths of life in life's own terms—that it is the most signal mark of our progress in culture, having its complement in the very large audience which demands such fiction and derives therefrom its highest satisfaction." We have only recently heard the statement from a prominent Catholic editor supported by the experience of some Catholic booksellers who claim to know, that high class fiction is not much in demand among Catholics. If this be true at present, we see at all events signs of better taste in the growing interest to bring Catholic College and Academy education up to the highest literary as well as moral level.

A Life of Coventry Patmore is promised in the Scribner's Literary Series. The author is Mr. Edmund Gosse, who collaborated with Dr. Garnett in the magnificently published (Macmillan) but otherwise disappointing history of English Literature. The reader will recall that a fine edition of *Memoirs and Correspond nce* of Patmore, whose "Angel in the House" represents to our thinking a bit of literature which Catholic schools of the higher order cannot afford to neglect, was published four years ago by Mr. Basil Champneys (2 vols. London: Bell & Sons), whom the gifted convert had designated as his literary executor, although the name of Mrs. Patmore alone appeared in the written will found after the poet's death.

In the text of the Mediæval Mystery Play *The Tille Thekers*, we use the following old English characters not found in our alphabet: Þ, þ, ȝ. They stand respectively for the initial soft *Th* and *th* in modern English, and for the aspirated guttural *y* at the beginning of a syllable. We might suggest that this play furnishes material simultaneously for the study of Middle English and for being rendered into modern language with song and scene, as a Christmas *Cantata*. We have in preparation another play of similar character for the December number.

The widespread production of *Everyman* in England and America has contributed much to make the study of the old Morality Plays popular. Professor Gayley, of the University of California, has taken a number of the ancient plays relating to the Christmas season, and combined them into a Nativity Play to which he gives the title of *The Star of Bethlehem*. The text is being published by Fox, Duffield & Co. Readers of THE DOLPHIN will be kept familiar with this kind of literature which furnishes excellent models to higher English classes for study and adaptation in modern form.

In his most recent book, *Aubrey de Vere: A Memoir Based on His Unpublished Diaries and Correspondence*, Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives records of the poet's intercourse with Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle, Browning, and Cardinal Newman; selections from his correspondence with Sir Henry Taylor and Mrs. Edward Villiers and contemporary incidents of the Irish famine of 1846. Some letters of Cardinal Newman, hitherto unpublished, will be included.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE CHURCH. By Rev. J. Laxenaire. Adapted from the French by Rev. J. M Leleu. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 76. Price, $0.30.

SEQUENTIA CHRISTIANA, OR ELEMENTS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By Charles B. Dawson, S.J., B.A., Exeter College, Oxford. London: R. and T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1904. Pp. vii—316.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE MOTHER OF GOD. An exposition by Archbishop Ullathorne. Revised by Canon Iles, D.D., and with an Introduction by the Bishop of Birmingham. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 221. Price, $0.70, *net*.

DAS KLEINE OFFIZIUM DER SELIGSTEN JUNGFRAU MARIA FUR FIE DREI ZEITEN DES JAHRES NACH DEM RÖMISCHEN BREVIER. Lateinischer Text mit deutschen Rubriken und Vorbemerkungen. Regensburg, Rom, New York und Cincinnati: Druck und Verlag von Friedrich Pustet. 1904. Pp. 309.

SANCTISSIMI DOMINI NOSTRI LEONIS DIVINA PROVIDENTIA PAPAE XIII EPISTOLAE ENCYCLICAE. Series sexta (ultima). Cum nominum et rerum indice omnium sex serierum. Friburgi Brisgoviae: Sumptibus Herder. Pp. 41–22. Price, $0.90, *net*.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London, England. *Rome's Appalling Record, or the French Clergy and Its Calumniators*, by the Rev. John Gérard, S.J.; *A Spanish Heroine in England; Dona Louisa de Carvajal; A Tale of Mexican Horrors*, by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J.; *Are Indulgences Sold in Spain* (*The Bula de la Cruzada*), by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.; *Motu Proprio of Pope Pius the Tenth on Christian Democracy and Sacred Music.* Price, One Penny.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE CHURCH. By the Rev. J. Laxenaire. Adapted from the French by the Rev. J. M. Leleu. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 76. Price, $0.30 *net.*

HISTORY.

LE CATHOLICISME DANS LES TEMPES MODERNES. Tome Premier. Ses Résistances. Le Concordat—les Événements—les Doctrines. Abbé Gibier, curé de Saint-Paterns, à Orléans. Paris: P. Lethielleux, Libraire-Editeur. 1904. P. viii—595.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS Declared Blessed by Pope Leo XIII in 1886 and 1895. Written by Fathers of the Oratory, of the Secular Clergy and of the Society of Jesus. Completed and Edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., of Erdington Abbey. Volume I: Martyrs under Henry VIII. London: Burns & Oates; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 547. Price, $2.75 *net.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RAY. A Story of the Time of Christ. By R. Monlaur. Translated from the French by Rev. J. M. Leleu. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 203. Price, $0.45 *net.*

THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION FIELD, and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Two papers read at the Missionary Conference held at Washington, D. C. (April 6–12, 1904). By the Rev. J. Freri, D.C.L., National Director, and the Rev. James A. Walsh, Boston Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Published by the Society, 627 Lexington Avenue, New York. Pp. 32.

ELEMENTARY WOODWORKING. By Edwin W. Foster. Boston, New York, Chicago, London: Ginn & Co. Pp.. 129. Price, $0.75.

MANUEL DU LATIN COMMERCIAL. Par le Docteur Ch. Colombo. Les nations unies par la vapeur, par l'électricité, sont désunies par le langage: le XX^{e} siècle mettra fin à cette monstruosité. Deuxième édition. Le Latin a ouvert le monde au commerce et à la civilisation. Paris: P. Lethielleux. 1904. Pp. 192. Prix, broché, 1 franc; en cartonnage classique, 1 fr. 25; en reliure souple, 1 fr. 50.

"OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES." Educational Briefs, No. 7. By the Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt.D. Philadelphia, Pa. Pp. 58.

ST. MICHAEL'S ALMANAC. For the Year of Our Lord 1905. For the Benefit of St. Joseph's Tech. School, Shermerville, Ill. Printed and published by the Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Ind. Pp. 112. Price, $1.00.
Same in German.

AMERIKANISCHES MISSIONSBLATT. Illustrierte Monatsschrift für die christl. Familie, zur religiösen Anregung, Belehrung und Unterhaltung. Herausgegeben zum Besten der St. Josephs technischen Schule. Redaktion, Druck und Verlag der Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Ill.